

# logos



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JUNE, 1970.



Good vibes float away, hash drifts around noses, down throats. A circle, a community. A community which is quickly being co-opted. A community whose energies are being flushed down a liberal sized sewer. We sit on our stoned asses, slightly hungry, very happy. A group of angels hover over us, thinking angelic thoughts. They are very concerned. They sit in their offices from nine to five each day, wondering how to help us. Sitting, wings on a coat rack, asses on swivel chairs, pondering schemes from bread and energy to the hip community. Thanks.

Generally, the blessings of these angels are bestowed upon those who they can help find jobs, who would like to open a boutique or their favorites, those who would join the elite society of liberal angels. In other words, help is given to those who fit their definition of alternative lifestyles, making it in the proper structure with the proper attitudes, but doing it in their own way. A liberal government has replaced the union nationale complete with promise of improved education, quality medicare, etc..... ENOUGH BULLSHIT! ENOUGH!

With great reverence, but no apologies to my guardian angel, all this money and time being spent repairing the fuck-ups our system has built into it seems like a lot of misdirected energy. This includes job co-ops, welfare, guidance, etc., even when structured specifically for the use of the underground community. The efforts of these liberals are all well meant, but the effects of their actions is the creation of an atmosphere where we become contented; where an illusion is set that everything's perfect; that no change is needed. To Machiavelli, this action is the basis of the established ruling class staying in power. To create a job co-op so we may earn enough bread to pay our rent and food is getting nowhere. There is enough bread around so no one needs to be working. If anyone wants to do anything - outasight, DO IT. But there is no need for anyone to be peddling their ass in order to survive.

The bread is there. Money may be coming down thru social work agencies destined for the hip community. Hip merchants should be realizing their community responsibility; that there really is no such thing as a hip merchant. Salaried members of the long-haired undergrowth, most of whom get their wages from jobs that involve community action, should realize that their responsibilities do not end when their work day is finished.

The rest of us should be getting it together. Food co-ops, dope co-ops, clothes co-ops are a start. But to work they have to be complete - an entire line of all essential goods. For this trucks are needed and more help. Buy from stores where the bread keeps flowing within the community, where the Man gets the smallest cut. Start

your own co-op store. Produce your own rock shows. Demand the bread made at these exploitations be returned. With an alternative economy, alternative action is easy. Alternative economy is alternative action.

We need free schools, bail funds, legal aid, gathering places, material for crafts workers, food, more clinics - clinics that tell us how not to get sick, not that just cure us till the next time, dieticians that know what a macrobiotic diet is, switchboards where the hassles are eliminated so they may run smoothly. That means we're going to have to shoo away some peasy angels, organizations and paperwork freaks, liberals. The only cat who can really run a free clothing

store stands naked. The person in charge of a communal kitchen has to be hungry.

Money has been given to various community projects, but it always gets drowned on salaried workers, paperwork, tangles, bureaucratic bullshit and a staff that wants to help, not learn or enjoy. The social working-angels who run these projects accept the importance of their task, but can't accept the fact that we can't get off working in their structure, even for a fat salary. And they won't accept our need to create our own non-structures, and they will

never accept our right to a basic existence; even if we wish no involvement at all. The liberals can see something needs to be done, but they will not concede that the change needed means digging clean to the roots, uprooting and starting all over again. No more incentive. Labor should be a joy, not a task of guilt or a reason for existing. And no more structures.

Sure the liberal guardians are alright, but don't try to take their record players, because they need them to rest their oh so poor weary heads. Or ride in their cars because.....well...uh....they'd rather you didn't. Or live next door to them. But you can sit any time in their carpeted rooms talk-

ing about how some people don't have enough money to eat well. And discuss social change and work very hard at sweeping it all under the rug.

But don't talk about real change that's happening. Like taking things over so we can eat well. And don't ask them about their cars. Or about the factories and businesses they represent. And why those wasted resources and land can't be put to better use. And how that's what we're going to do. And how they better move, cuz when everything comes down they're going to come down with it.

There's something changing and we probably have a better idea of what isn't going to come than what is, but we're not going to be production-consumption robots. We're too busy living and enjoying it and fighting it to explain it.

But we're doing it.



## Arise ye motherfuckers





# TOM HAYDEN

Hayden came to Montréal on May 30th. He spoke at McGill. We were unable to get a tape of what he said, so we put together what we could remember of his words for those of our brothers and sisters who couldn't be there.

Hayden: I'm going to begin with a little Vietnam history because I think it's important to some of my major points. Mainly, that Nixon's war in Cambodia is an age-old political trick, one that has been used before in Southeast Asia. When the French were losing the war in Vietnam back in 1954, they moved into Dienbienphu, consciously inviting disaster. They knew that for the price of some butchered troops, they could muster up outraged support from their own government and the U.S. They were correct. The U.S. was grateful for the chance to take over the war for them. Likewise, Nixon entered Cambodia in such a way as to insure attack. It was a straight conventional, troop movement, crossing the border at several points and moving across the country along several paths. If all those Communist encampments that he swore to root out are there, he couldn't help but be ambushed somewhere along the line. He expects that for the mere price of a few hundred of those precious American lives, that put such a tremor of concern in his voice, he will have an excuse to remain in Cambodia and if luck has it, move into Laos, then Thailand, then Burma, and then the ultimate American dream—get the yellow bellied commies where they're really at—move into China.

The movement has always misunderstood the mentality of a war with China. In recent years, the left has toned down Vietnam as an issue. The reasoning has been that it will be succeeded by other wars in other parts of the third world and that the imperialism of the U.S. as such should be stressed rather than U.S. imperialism in Southeast Asia. People like Marcuse defined a certain kind of alienation for us that we identified with and clung to. It became apparent that we, middle class children of suburban leisure and luxury, were oppressed. Our focus shifted toward liberating ourselves. Which is good but only takes us so far. What we failed to realize in any active way for a long time, was that Nixon and the establishment he represents, bases his entire policy around the belief that an all-out confrontation with the Chinese is the only way America can ever move into her deserved status as number one world power. The left has for the most part been blind to the inevitability of war with China, now within the next four or five years, and the impossibility of the U.S. ever withdrawing from Southeast Asia, unless there is a radical change in the established governmental and social structure. Revolution. This blindness has led us into many dead-ends, often at just the point when it is crucial for us to move forward. Witness the "Clean Gene" boondoggle. Thousands of students and kids looked gratefully upon McCarthy's candidacy as the way to rescue America without having to resort to extra-legal measures. The Second Coming never came. After tiring himself out with the flurry of trying to breathe fresh air into American electoral politics and diddling with our minds, our Saviour announced he was going off to report on the World Series for Life Magazine.

We are falling into a similar trap now. The demand that the campuses be shut down early to protect Cambodia is like calling for time out when you are on the verge of scoring. All we have achieved is a longer summer vacation. Our strength is on the campuses. We have made the schools are fortresses. Why give them up? The scene of the struggle, especially recently, is almost totally in the universities or in cities which have large colleges. In the last semester, there were more campus bombings and cases of arson, than there were during all of last year. Even the lack of press coverage has failed to halt the momentum of student militancy. Things had gotten so bad, Reagan had to ask that the California universities be closed rather than vice versa, because for the first time in his years, he knew he couldn't handle with just the national guard what would happen if the students were allowed to remain gathered in force. This from a man who was calling for a bloodbath just a few weeks ago. So he told us to go home and talk to our parents for a couple of days. And we did and our strength and power to act was completely dissolved. Things

had gotten so bad that Kingman Brewster had to approve a strike at Yale, the bastion of whitey-established ivory tower America, in support of Black Panther Bobby Seale, for fear that Yale would be leveled if he tried to enforce 'business as usual'. Even Nixon himself came trembling out to the Washington Monument after a sleepless night in order to talk to the 'young people', for fear that his capitol city would be vandalized and burned to the ground by its own children—embarrassing at a rather complicated point in American diplomatic adventuring.

And so somehow, we've always fallen for the bait, always have been distracted at the last minute by some relatively simple public relations move on the part of the administration. But there aren't very many last minutes left.

There comes a time when we'll have to stop snatching at the will o' wisp of reform measures, when one so has to take what one has so far achieved in numbers and strength and move forward. There is no point in trying to wake up the silent majority. If they haven't stirred yet, they will probably sleep through the holocaust. We should concentrate our energies on ourselves.

I have some ideas on how and what we can do. Over the last decade, the movement has grown both culturally and politically. They can no longer be called two separate directions. The cultural revolution is an important and integral part of our political status. But it has brought with it, perhaps fatally, several fallacies. And here I think we can learn from Women's Lib.

Who is the hero the cultural revolution. The rock star. What kind of alternative society is one that allows Altemont?—that allows itself to be policed by cool cats like the Hell's Angels and witnesses a murder without stopping the groovy music? This adrenalin-ecotripster-paranoid-superstar cult expresses itself politically in the machismo, and now machismo too, of the left. You throw a bomb because it gives you such a good rush, or to prove your street fightin' masculinity to your comrades. I experienced something of the extreme fervor this whole cult has reached as a member of the Chicago 7. Whenever any of us visited a campus or spoke at a reception, we would get such the same treatment as a rock star or comic strip hero. We would be expected to 'perform' and were able to whip

us into a frenzy of 'Yippie' and 'DO IT!' with a few words. For a while we had a plan to form a Conspiracy Cambo Rock Band High Command Outfit — a kind of Apple Corporation for the Left. This is a dangerous idea. A revolution has no leaders, has no high command. This is important if we are going to learn to relate to mass movements and especially if we are to survive the next few years. Already many people have gone underground. If polarization continues at the same rate, they will be joined by many more. Our advantage will be in our numbers and in the anonymity that numbers produce.



Tom Hayden has been with the movement since it began. He founded S.D.S. and is the co-author of the Port-Huron statement. He worked in the Berkeley riots, the Newark riots, the Columbia riots, and probably in many others. He is now on trial in Chicago for conspiring to incite the riots that occurred there during the Democratic convention. He can be found in Berkeley.

## LA PRESSE POPULAIRE DE MONTREAL

"ANARCHISM: What it really is" by Emma Goldman

"TOWARDS A LIBERATORY TECHNOLOGY" by Murray Bookchin

POUR L'ANARCHISME par Nicolas Walter

"ESSAYS ON WOMEN" by Emma Goldman

"THE POWER TO DESTROY THE POWER TO CREATE" by Ecology Action East

"SEIZE A COLONIAL POWER"



To print and publish in the montreal area, for the community, the people the movement, liberation.

3579 De Bullion  
845-4947



# Coca-Cola Colony

gongs on around town.

may 24th.

It wasn't hard to see the bourgeois hippies that ran the festival for what they really are. We came to the Autostade greeted by ten foot high gates with barbed wire on top, innumerable security guards taking tickets and a couple of heavies thrown in to boot. Shi-it! Is this Woodstock Nation or Auschwitz '40? Nevertheless, a lot of people stormed the fences and barbed wire, and if they had tickets, they were slipped to more unfortunate brothers and sisters on the outside.

Once inside, we found ourselves corralled in a section labelled "Press", and other brothers and sisters who were not able to rip-off a press pass from two-bit promoter Steve Propass. When we tried to take down the fences separating us "elite" from the rest of the people, power-tripping-lackey security guards hired by Donald K. Donald, attempted to arrest our efforts. In the heated arguments that ensued, we were threatened with expulsion from the Autostade, but the will of the people prevailed and the fences came down. Through the day and night, we were ordered around by big-shot mods and checked for press passes.

Hip kids tore down the surrounding fences and helped other unrich brothers and sisters in. The Montreal Riot Squad was summoned and when they busted one cat heavily, a great barrage of garbage and rocks welcomed them. Doug Pringle, Steve Propass, and other assorted bourgeois hippie types, came out waving peace signs and shouting not to stone the pigs because they are really fine fellows. They got stoned too. Then Doug Pringle, censoring like the straight press, announced on the PA, that some rowdies were causing trouble by throwing rocks at the cops and to stop them. The thing was, Pringle didn't mention why the people were stoning the pigs.

Anyway, I really dug the show. It was a rip-off, sure, but I got in for free and got a chance to get my head really rattled and my mind-body getting stoned and making love with a lot of people, getting to-gether. Moving thru fires and moving all the time, solid joy noon to sunup next day. Johnny Winters appeared at sundown. I stood up to dance. Someone hit me with garbage. I don't understand this. I am not really sorry for blocking your view of the screen, brothers and sisters, cause this was the real thing, not a movie, and you were really there. But I wish you didn't get cold and this the end when things really got to-gether and everyone left and was dancing like they were one fucking body. The day was coming, it was raining, and no one was cold anymore and Hot Tuna said we're all gonna get high and be alive to-gether and that's where it was at.

As far as the music review goes - Alan dug Jethro Tull, Huckleberry dug Hot Tuna and the groupie's slurp, Tedd was too stoned and too horned to remember the show, Groupie John dug Johnny Winter's drummer, Nester, who wasn't even there, grooved on everything. Love, peace, and good vibes - 25¢ only.



LOGOS FRANÇAISE

Le LOGOS demande des collaborateurs pour écrire des articles en français. Moé chu venu mais il en faut d'autres. Ça fait assez de Français que j'entend chiâler parce que le LOGOS est en anglais j'espère qu'il y en a d'autres qui vont venir. Chu à peu près sûr que s'il y en a un qui vient, ça va être beau. On est comme ça nous autres on veut tout avoir mais rien faire pour et on en pâtit aussi. Ah! Oui j'oubliais: celui ou ceux qui viendront, qu'ils ne pensent pas qu'ils vont écrire un article sur les patentes de Lévesque ou Vallières. Y a le Quartier Latin pis le Québec-Presse qui s'occupent des stupidités de ce genre. Ceux qui viendront, ça sera pour écrire des choses intelligentes. OK. là!

Georges Waterhead

## BAIL

Larry Dow was busted at the demonstration on May 5 while marching towards the U.S. Embassy the day following the Kent State murders. After being hit over the head with a club and kicked he was charged with assault. He presently needs bread to pay for his lawyer. If you would like something in return for your bread, he has a Gibson Les Paul 12 string electric guitar that he is very willing to sell. It is in fine condition, and he is asking \$200. If too much money is contributed, it will go towards setting up a permanent bail and legal fund. You may send your contributions to Larry Dow, c/o Logos, P.O. Box 782, Montreal 101, P.Q., or you may call him at (514) 388-6717 for more information. Let's stick together, NOW.

## DESERTEUR ÉMIGRANTE

The refugees continue to stream across the border. Deserters, draft dodgers and others escaping persecution in the states continue to seek asylum here at higher and higher rates. Welcome your brother. Help him stay till he gets back to-gether. The American Deserters Committee is located at 1517 St. Laurent Blvd., Tel. No. 845-6542. They will help Americans get settled here. To Americans reading this article, it is quite possible to settle or go underground in Canada. There are more deserters in Canada than there are soldiers in the Canadian Army.

## PUNK

It's incredible the punks people in this city put up with. Mike Gilligan (give-ass Côte-St.Luc dance promoter) calls the bands playing for the Switchboard benefit at Loyola and offers them money not to play so his Cycles won't have competition. Then he rips-off the rip-off fools putting out his rip-off paper - Side One. These two-bit extortionists are innumerable in Montreal - Sheldon Kagan and the Syrian to even our own Chicken K. Chicken. Where are these revolutionaries you promised us? Where are the mad-men among us? These motherfuckers better soon realize that it doesn't pay to fuck with freaks. REMEMBER CHARLES MANSON.



TENT CITY

A city of tents had been planned for Montreal. To look like something from an Arabian tale, the wanderers of the countryside could plant their tents on a common field and exchange their wares and their tales. An oasis for Mount Royal. As happened, the land desired was owned by McGill University, who likes the use of the same land for a football field in the summer. The fathers of the university, after due thought upon the matter, became frighteningly aware of the possibilities of glass bottles breaking on the field, thus injuring their football players.

In the meanwhile, the Community Switchboard, 881-4502, is doing its best at providing space for crashers. Their basic system is referral; they have a list of people's apartments who have offered their floor as place for someone to sleep and there are lots of someone's looking for a crash. There are usually more someone's than apartments, so if you can offer your floor to a wanderer and learn from his tales of adventure on the road, then call the Switchboard, 881-4502. And good luck to McGill football team.

## smack the enemy

NEW YORK (LNS) - Michael Cetewayo Tabor, one of the Panther 21, took the witness stand during the second week of the Panther 21 trial and told Judge Murtagh, DA Phillips, and the rest of the people in the courtroom about the M-14 rifle, the two shot guns, one of them sawed off, and the P-38 pistol he kept in his Manhattan apartment. He told how he came to be a Black Panther and had taken up arms. The black people in the audience heard him describe their own life histories, the history of the black colony. It was as if the Judge and the DA weren't there, as if they didn't matter.

For five years, from age 13 to age 18, he was addicted to heroin, to "the plague." He was a high school drop out, a street kid. His whole life revolved around getting a fix, getting off, getting high. He became a member of the "cloud nine society." At thirteen he was "desperate and depressed" and began shooting up to escape the pain.

Tabor described drug addiction as a social problem; he defined it in relationship to the Mafia, to police in the colony, white youth and pot, international big business, oppression and injustice. He told the courtroom audience how heroin had "obliterated the ugly realities of ghetto existence." It closed his nostrils to "the stench of urine-soaked tenement dungeons." It made him "deaf to the screaming sirens of pig police cars as they race through the black jungle in response to the cry of another police car in distress." Heroin supplied the "need to escape oppression." It sapped the energy to rebel.

In most court cases when a defendant is questioned by the district attorney about prior arrests he refuses to testify. His lawyer argues that he should not be judged guilty or innocent in the present matter on the basis of past cases. But Michael Tabor admitted to his previous arrests. He told how he robbed and mugged so that he could get a fix. But he never stole from black addicts although he admitted that most black addicts steal from black people.

Every place south of 110th Street, he said, was "part of the Mother Country"; territory where he robbed furs and jewelry.

DA Phillips tried to depict Tabor as a habitual criminal, but Tabor's sense of what constitutes crime is completely different from Phillips'. He said that crime is "exploitation of poor people by filthy rich pigs." Phillips shook his head, snorted, stamped his feet. When Phillips asked Tabor how often he had been in jail he answered, "I have been in a penal institution for the 23 years of my life. All of Amerika is a State prison." "That's not what I meant by prison," Phillips observed.

But Tabor had quit being an addict. He had stopped stealing in order to buy heroin. He told the audience how Malcolm X's Autobiography had hit him like a thunderbolt; it gave him "a new outlook on life." And then Tabor became a Black Panther. He became convinced that the only way to end the plague, to end addiction was to make the revolution. As a Panther he would kick two habits: heroin, and acquiescence before the white oppressor.

Tabor said that heroin was used by the society to kill off black youth, to kill off revolutionaries. "Capitalism plus dope," he said, "equals genocide." He noted that getting blacks hooked on heroin was getting them "to pay for their own extermination." It was "death on the installment plan".

Before he was arrested on April 2, 1969, Tabor worked on the Panther Breakfast program to feed black children, and for the Liberation School to teach Black children to read and write. On April 2nd the police police came to his apartment. Rosamond Bennett, his wife, answered the



knock on the door. An officer said that there had been a noise complaint, and he was checking it out. Rosamond Bennett refused to open the door. The policeman showed no search warrant, no warrant for Tabor's arrest.

When Bennett didn't open the door the police kicked it down. Inside, Tabor was standing before them, his fingers spread wide to show he was unarmed. He was thinking of Bobby Hutton getting killed by Oakland pigs, and Cleaver getting shot in the leg.

"Were you afraid, were you nervous?" Phillips asked.

"No," Tabor answered.  
"You mean to tell me that the police had a gun on you and you were unafraid?" the DA questioned.

"Yes, that's right," Tabor replied.  
"I had a gun drawn on me by a white cop when I was six years old. I've developed an immunity to police drawing guns. It's standard form in the ghetto."

A policeman handcuffed him, placed him face down on the kitchen floor and put a shot-gun on his neck. "Make a move, black bastard, and I'll blow your head off," he told Tabor.

...Why does a black man become a Panther? For Michael Tabor, joining the Panthers meant surviving, it meant becoming "a socially productive human being." It meant "getting high off the people," not off heroin.

P.S. There are reports that a lot of smack is coming into Montreal and junking up the suburbs and pushing towards the inner city. Goddam the pusher man.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

Logos is hoping to be a regular (monthly or better) newspaper. For this we need more artists, layout people, writers. Come over 4055 St. Laurent Blvd. Tel. 849-5020.

The Youth Clinic has moved to 3658 St. Famille. You can still call them at 843-7885.

The Westmount Youth Centre is opening a music co-op in its basement. The area beneath 4424 St. Catherine Street West will be used as a space for hands to practice, the buying and selling of instruments and for beginners guitar lessons. If music is our souls, then this seems to be getting our souls to-gether. For information call 933-4773.

Huck is looking for a ride to Washington on the July 4th holiday, and if you are going there on that date, come over to Logos and ask for Huck.

Some friends of ours are looking for land to produce a FREE, absolutely FREE festival in the wilderness. If you can help call 849-5020 or write: P.O. Box 782, Montreal 101, Québec. Also, needed are contributions. (Bread)

If you have any bottles lying around, bring them to the Westmount Youth Center or Community Switchboard, where a mad bottle collector resides.

Once again was this newspaper Logos, published by Fip Publishing Co. and located at P.O. Box 782, Montreal 101, Québec, Printed in Canada, and will continue to be mailing its newspapers to subscribers, assuming there is mail, by second class mail, using the registry number 2137.

## LES BOURGEOIS HIPPIES.

Regardez autour de vous. Que voyez-vous? de la merde! Que ce soit la "bullshit" des Anglais ou notre "merde" jouale, ça reste la même chose. Je ne parle pas ici pour les riches bourgeois aux cheveux longs qui se font appeler "hippies" et qui ne sont, en fait, que des profiteurs, des escrocs, des traîtres. La traîtrise coûte cher. Bourgeois, elle vous coûtera votre vie dans l'au-delà. On ne peut acheter le Christ avec de l'argent. Laissez-la tomber votre crise d'argent, votre crise de piéuse qu'elle vale 1.08 ou 65 centes car ça ne vous endannera pas plus. Essayez de découvrir l'état d'écœurement général et absolu qui règne dans le monde qu'on dit ne pas être "cool" parce qu'ils ne sourient jamais, ces personnes sont celles de la basse classe: ouvriers et "hippies" de familles pas très riches comme moi et quelques autres. Oui j'ai le droit de parler ainsi car j'ai toujours été repoussé, j'ai toujours essuyé vos affronts, bande de câlisse. Je vous le dis à vous puants de Westmount, Côte-des-Neiges, Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, Ahuntsic et Ville Laval. Vous bourgeois étudiants de McGill et de l'Université du Québec. Lâchez-la votre piéasse et faites des âtres humains des choses répugnantes que vous êtes. Oui, SAVE US JESUS!

Georges Waterhead

1st week	
New York	\$65,654
Boston	\$40,117
Coral Gables	\$25,429
Los Angeles	\$40,400
Washington, D.C.	\$44,252
Dallas	\$25,030
Toronto	\$30,658
(How beautiful can you get?)	

JULY 4TH

On the fourth of July the Woodstock Nation will be taking to the streets of the Capitol of Babylon for a massive smoke-in. Independence day will be the date for a great celebration of life, music and the holy weed. BE THERE.



## RIGHTeous

Grass going for \$20 per ounce. Reported to be not so good. Also some sugared shit which is even worse.

Hash is \$25 a quarter ounce and really fine. Also some dark brown opiated at \$85 per ounce, but hard to find.

Acid going for \$2.50-\$3.00 a trip. Purple micro-dots a heavy trip. Yellow sunshine, also nice, comes in and out of town. And, oh, Sunshine, wow.

Mescaline at \$4 a cap. Supposedly organic, but that's a very old story.

MDA is around for \$5 a cap. There's also smack and speed if you want it, but. The man is supposedly increasing undercover work.

The author of this column would appreciate samples for review. If you can't find me, lay them on to anyone else.

The raffle is cool.



## ONTARIO POP.

John Brower of (Bad?) Karma productions seems to have managed to move faster than the O.P.P. in finding a home for his super rock festival. This is the festival that was originally planned as a John Lennon peace show with everybody who's anybody in the rock world making an appearance. For some reason, Lennon said he didn't wish to stay involved. (Reportedly because Brower wished to charge admission, but that hardly seems a likely reason for one who allows Allen Klein to sell his records for a dollar more than any other rock group.) After that, Brower's original choice of site for the festival fell through and the O.P.P. managed to arrive at every township in Ontario explaining how they shouldn't have festivals, moments before Brower would arrive with his announcement.

After much haggling with locals, Brower has landed his festival in a beautiful spot of Ontario. On a farm. Far away from any stadium. Far away from any city. Just like THAT festival. And moved the date back to sometime in August. And still doesn't know who is going to play there. And calls 1970 Year One, A.P., after peace. And chose a wilderness festival site because of youth's great concern for ecology. So we could fuck-up some more earth. And thanked the Ontario authorities for their co-operation.

I hope that I haven't made Brower to sound like a martyred businessman. Because he is anything but that. His policies have just managed to get him caught in a cross fire between other promoters. He has a great reputation for fucking people over. He is as jive-assed as the rest of them. And there is such a thing as bad karma. But he is hip enough to know that even if he charges admission, the festival will be free. Which is groovy. And it may even turn out to be a nice weekend. Perhaps better than Altamont.

## GOOD FEELING

There's a difference between "good vibes" and good feeling. Good feeling is a natural thing of relating to people like brother and sister to those people who can relate to you in the same way. It's sharing, being happy, looking out for each other and just helping each other to survive. Good feeling is when your brother or sister is busted and you don't let them get kidnapped by the Police.

Good vibes is a thing that you can buy for \$10.00 from your local rock festival pusher. Good vibes is refusing to allow people like B.B. King, Janis Joplin, Jefferson Airplane, and the Stones to play at rock festivals because they're "negative". Good vibes is saying, well let's listen to Nixon cause he's not all bad, while people are being slaughtered around the world in Amerika's Children for Breakfast Program.

Generate good feeling, don't buy good vibes



## hometown pig

There is a lot of talk going down about how friendly and polite the Montreal Police Department is. The legend seems to be growing but they are merely poor Frenchmen who find being a pig is a groovy way of making bread and getting a nice looking uniform (and totting a gun and a big stick, but that is beside the point). At every demonstration the Police gets called pig and oinked at and someone says they're really not that way.

Taking the mail to the post-office after our last issue, two Policemen from station 17 watched us load up our truck, and after driving a few blocks, spun their bubble and asked us to pull over. Under the circumstances, there was nothing that we could do but co-operate. After a brief look he discovered that our driver had forgotten his registration and his license and the plates on the van were for the wrong year. He instructed us to drive down to station 17 and he would follow. It was mid-afternoon in downtown Montreal, so under the circumstances there was nothing we could do but co-operate. When we got to the station, they first took the driver inside and would not allow us entrance to the station to see what was going down. In a few minutes they returned and told us to come with them. Upon asking if we were under arrest, and explaining to the officer that our rights by law said we had to do nothing unless arrested, we received a reply that he was the law and we better come. It was across from station 17, a castle filled with many pigs, all armed and we not so. Under the circumstances there was nothing we could do but co-operate.

We sat inside for a while, observing the polite cop on the beat scowl and hassle and do his pig thing. Cards were found on which we were to write our names, addresses, birthdays, descriptions, etc. Again explaining that our rights under the law clearly forbade this, a few extra officers were called over to explain that they were the law. Under the circumstances, there was nothing we could do but co-operate. After a little more haggling and some strange conversations in French, they said we had better get far away from the station quickly, impounded the car, and gave the driver the proper ticket. Under the circumstances, there was nothing that we could do but co-operate.

In St. Louis Park, long a hangout for French heads, Police said there would be no more sitting on the grass. Under the circumstances, there was nothing they could do but co-operate. The Montreal Police even have a political arm, Special Securites division, (the S.S.? ) and the beatings under their hands are not a rarity.

Undoubtedly, the Montreal Police are a friendlier bunch than those in Chicago or Los Angeles. That's something like saying this is a nice city to get busted in. Aw, come on now.

Under the circumstances, somebody must change.



# confessions of a Dharma Bum

**T**ake it from me - PANHANDLING is NOT KIDS STUFF + TAKES A LOT MORE SKILL, than just simple begging. Those that panhandle a couple of dollars a day are only mere amateurs. I've been panhandling for almost a year + this has been my steady income for those long tuff months during winter. Thru this method I have paid my rent dutifully + always had almost enuf to eat. It's a wonderful pastime, + I believe every hungry freak that doesn't dig dealing should try it. Thru panhandling I have learned a great deal on social dealing with people, diplomatically + violently. You get the picture on why there is a need for a revolution. So all you fucken bourgeois hippies + snobs take heed when you put me down for panhandling...

The philosophies of eastern religion preach the supreme stage of awareness as begging which signifies inactivity. I was sitting in Logos one nite rapping about panhandling when one of our photographers challenged me + asked why don't I do something constructive + sell dope? Well I just don't dig selling dope, being paranoid + charging brothers for a communal trip. Why should I profit off my fellow freaks? To me I'd be just like those ripoff music promoters. GIVE IT AWAY! FREE! dig? (This putdown excludes small dealers that see the bread to live.) In my own way I'm sponging off the straights + making them appear the fools. P.T. Barnum said "Every minute another sucker is born." These suckers are the ones that will be destroyed at the fall of capitalism... TAKE WHAT YOU NEED - TAKE WHAT YOU WANT... So why shouldn't we start now instead of after.

**YIPPIE!**

...The main trick is to panhandle in a section where there's a steady flow of people - not too much, not too little - just enuf for you to take 2 minutes out to rap to the person, pocket the money and hit the next one.

SPACE out your panhandling so that the next person doesn't see you hit the previous customer. I hit mostly old ladies that look kind, + teeny boppers, college kids + maybe some liberal-looking straight cat. The line "Could you spare some change I wanna get something to eat." works good. Look hungry + innocent and if they ask how much bread I want say whatever you can spare + have a wild yearning look in your eyes. If you can't do this maybe it's a good idea to take some acting lessons.

Avoid by all means the super-straight people,

cause they'll give you a lot of hassle + maybe call a cop. If they hassle throw in a line like "eat shit mother. This works really well for shutting them up. If you really wanna teach 'em something-rap politely about your ideas. It's surprising the of them who will listen + think it over.

More power to you if you can master bullshitting. This also helps another brother who may be panhandling some other time. This is the basic setup: stay in a place where you don't attract attention - spot your pidgeon and hit and run to the next one. The best spots in this city for panhandling is from McGill Union to the Back Door coffee house on both side of the street. These students are easy touches, for example in an hour of straight panhandling I netted TEN dollars. I did this for 11 days - an hour a day and before I knew it I had enuf for a train to VANCOUVER + MORE TRY SIDE STREETS THROUGHOUT THE CITY OR BARS where the middle class hang out. The streets off St. Catherine are good. The outside plaza at Place Ville Marie is good.

Try Morgan's and Eaton's in front of the church away from the street. To a lot of people the church signifies charity and Christianity and you could make a good killing off the myth. St. Laurent is completely off limits.

This is largely an area where the immigrants are not much richer than us... A good cover for panhandling is selling Logos as a front + after they buy a copy hit them when they have their money out. The average take from each person is from 25¢ to \$1.

As you develop your bullshit stories + get better at panhandling pretty soon you'll master the art...

Panhandling is very versatile + handy in almost any situation

where you might find yourself hungry or out of gas or you need bread for bail for a busted brother. People I know have split to go cross country with a car + little else + have made it to the coast all right panhandling for gas in whichever city they hit.

So if you really don't dig dealing dope or going straight + working for the man, or selling GRIT - the best alternative →

HEY MAN u got ANY SPARE CHANGE?

See you on the street,  
Huckleberry





Male Chauvinists, TAKE WARNING



HE ASKED ME TO EAT HIM AND I DID!

# THIS TOO...



I started out writing this article to the sound of "Midnight Rambler". Mick Jagger screams his fear of castration over the media while Dick Nixon slaughters a whole nation and shoots his own children in the back out of fear that Amerika become a second-rate power. The penis and the gun - by now clichéd partners in blood and despair.

The oppression of women is perhaps the subtlest of all the cancerous outgrowths of civilization. The issues are present in the most intimate and inconsequential of daily rituals and in the most basic mythic patterns of human society. Adam and Eve, Revlon, Tarzan, the Blessed Virgin. One can't really limit it to the Industrial Capitalism of the West. It goes deeper. Mrs. Martin Luther King has said that the lot of women is worse than that of the black man. The psychology of racism is tricky enough. Sexism must come from an even more profound stratum of human fears and motivation.

Which means that Woman's Lib has a lot to contend with. The greatest stumbling block is in women themselves - what can you expect after 5,000 years of indoctrination. All that is needed is the cry of 'dyke' or the whisper of 'hung up on her own sexual image' and even the most angry and bitter will fall silent. For lesbians haven't been beautiful since the time of Sappho and most of our 'Make Love not War' buttons, along with our shaved legs and happy families, are not much more than costumes. It's hard to escape the leering and grotesque presence of sexual exploitation; it has become so automatic for both women and men alike. It's not just the obvious things like the media or the Rolling Stones or the marriage licence that perpetrate oppression - any BITCH will find them easy to lash out at and should. But it is the subtler manifestations that are the hardest to combat. For instance, even though I live in a 'hip' household and spend most of my time among 'hip' people, I often have a hard time escaping conversations that treat women as contraptions made up of tits and a vagina, some more desirable and easily laid than others. A piece of meat. Attitudes like that have become so habitual that they seem beyond challenge.

History has been sufficiently dominated and censored by men to make it miraculous for women to ever regard themselves as a political force. Who has ever found a textbook that listed Emma Goldman as an American heroine, knows who Constance Markovitch was, or thinks of Cleopatra as someone other than Elizabeth Taylor? All the New York Times had to say about Jane Alpert's trial was that she was "trim" and wore a black sweater and jeans, and about Cathy Boudin, that she was the daughter of a famous lawyer. A bit too reminiscent of the society page to be funny.

Men are as much victimized by sexual categories as women. The social mores of flirtation and marriage are as degrading to the male as they are to the female. Some men would find life much more amenable as househusbands and childrearsers than as bread winner if it weren't for the social stigma. And when you think of it, it would be absurd to expect every man to dig the role of virile protector and competent executive. But many women demand and enforce it, because they have been taught and terrorized by propaganda like the ad to the left, that they are the weaker sex, the playgirl, the fairy queen, Lady Jane, that they must play passive yin to the masculine yang.

There is no reason why women should be left out of history. Every woman has numerous political weapons within reach, more powerful than guns and bombs. We are not a minority. In North America, women do most of the buying. We are what is meant by the consumer population. A refusal by millions of women to be manipulated into sustaining the flow of useless goods would be more than a spanner in the works. Without dutiful mothers and wives, there are no families; we have the power to shape our lives if we are willing to fight. As we gradually realize our sisterhood and its potential and that we are persons, not commodities or objects of pleasure, we will cease to tolerate not only sexual exploitation, but also political exploitation, with the strength that only those who have been oppressed for centuries can have. But the first and main struggle is in our own heads. Radical change depends on personal decision. Free abortions, free childcare, equal job status, the disintegration of the family, are superficial reforms unless we are confident of our own power and creativity, unless we can act out of self-knowledge and respect, rather than bitterness and insecurity.

We have a lot to talk about to each other and a lot to do. It's time we stopped regarding our sisters as competitors in the groupie game. Leave behind your 'springtime freshness' and the shopping cart, throw away your Kate Greenway dresses, burn your bras, bomb the Cosmetics industry. It's time for all of us 'Backstreet Girls' to come out of our alleyways and hit the Main.

Should a gentleman offer a lady his jeans? Yeah, well, that depends a little on the lady... and a little on the jeans.

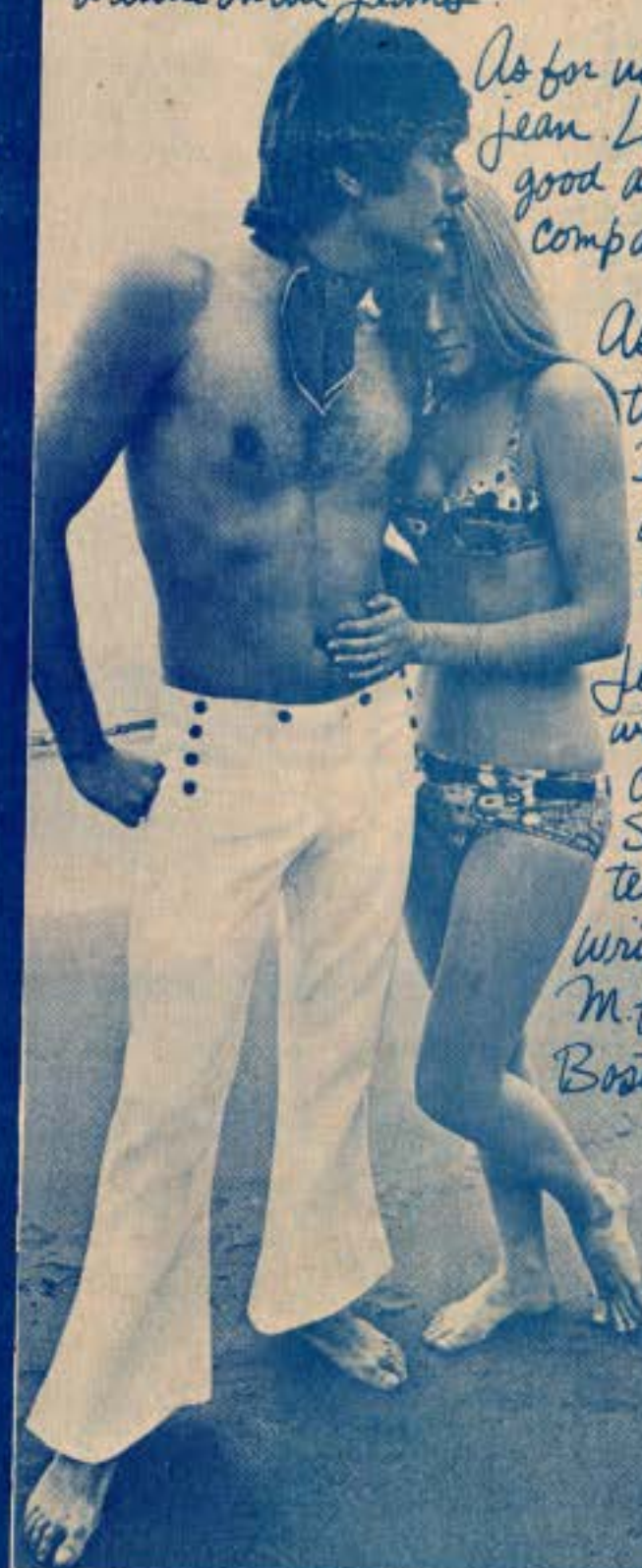
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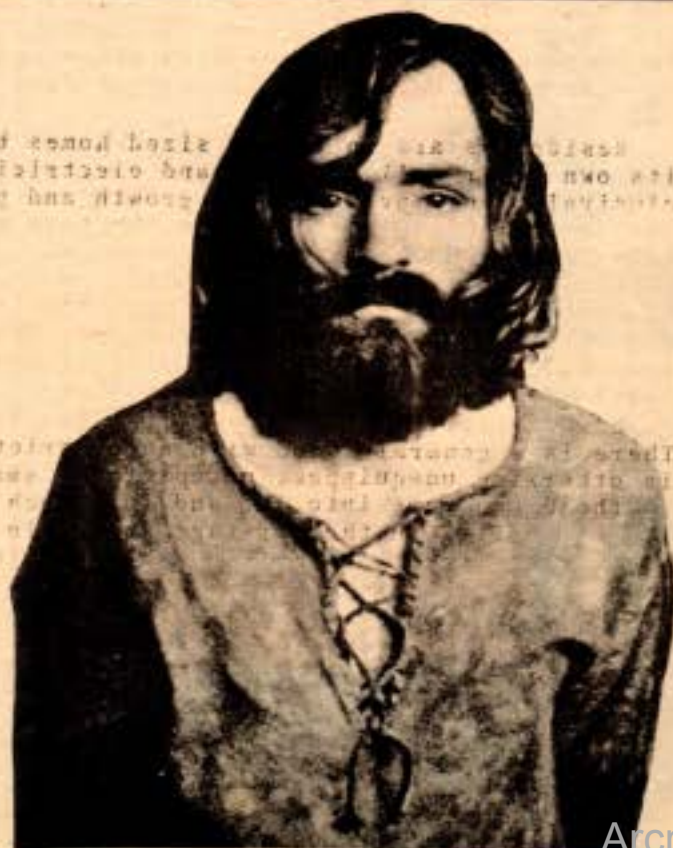
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The city lies at the low point in the valley where the river widens and slows and the wandering tribes and the local farmers have traded for ages. All those in the district live in similar environments and hence their produce and needs are similar. There is only one of these towns per ecological district. The majority of people live far away from the town and are dependant for their livelihood mostly on themselves and their neighbors. The town itself occupies the same area that a modern town does, but includes only a few buildings. There are no streets in town, only paths. A walk through town is shared with almost as many animals as people. There is no one home in town. People come in and do what they wish and leave. It is a twenty-four hour a day revolving door. Nothing works because it has to. Everything happens as it is wanted. Work becomes play. Overproduction is eliminated because no one is any longer producing. Everybody is too busy doing. Life is free, hence so is all exchange. Everyone lives. The town has no real reason. Coming to town is like walking onto the stage of a magic theatre. Everyone has a part. All actors live beyond the city. That is the backbone of the stage without whose existence the play would lose its relevance. The people in their farms are at once the stage, supporting cast, scenery, and plot.

Trading posts are scattered across the town. They are canopied when warm and domed when cold. The shopper presents a list of the goods he desires to the magician at the post. He moves in secret dance and fills the order from the shelves. His dress is of robes and colors. He is a sorcerer whose delight is calling riches from the warehouse below and laying them at the feet of the customer.

The factories exist to manufacture essential goods of which there are only a few. They are completely automated but for materials gathered from the surrounding earth with special minerals from the sea and geologically aged areas of the earth. The goods produced are of infinite wear. Since all materials are organic, there is no pollution. Waste products are recycled and re-used. The electricity and heat is provided by solar power, as all low levels of energy are obtained across the earth.



Giant solar cells are waved like flags outside industrial sites that resemble old stone homes.

Manufactured and imported goods are stored beneath the earth in a giant root cellar called the warehouse. Items are kept on shelves until orders are placed, when subterranean robots respond to a wave off the sorcerer's robes and gather the required goods. Entrances to the warehouse are found by the factories and exits by the trading posts.

The hospitals are temples of rehabilitation. The physicians are magicians brewing varieties of medicinal herbs in cauldrons. Patients are analysed by doctors running their fingers along the patient's spine.

The libraries are telepathic centers where one may tune into a vast network of thought beings in time and space. The librarians are medians who assist the seeker in studying the knowledge he obtains through head sets and special stereo vision panels.

The museums look like palaces. To enter is to step inside your mind. Perpetually changing shapes and colors, the visitor wanders in thought patterns, a sum total of the mental energy converted into sensory stimulus, present in the building at the time. An elaborate spectacle of dreams, where everyone's is everyone's. The museum guards are yogins.

A gathering place in the middle of town is the center structure of an elaborate living theatre of the round. It is equipped with an amphitheatre, musical instruments and multi-sensory projectors. Its general use is as a playground for those who come to town. Adults climb over each other and around equipment as if they were children playing on monkey bars. Once a year, the grounds are used for a large festival for all.

Residences are in family sized homes beyond the city. Each house is equipped with its own solar cell for heat and electricity. The houses are built and decorated exclusively from environmental growth and painted with alchemically manufactured paints for durability. Those who use the town most frequently live closest to it. Their time is divided between their homes and their roles on the main stage. They are the central characters of the theatre.

Beyond the narrow ring of earth that the magicians occupy, the land is more heavily forested. Cleared areas are used for farmland and grazing, periodically lying fallow. The forests serve as playgrounds. The system is structured to return to the earth as much as it is taking from it.

Each locality has a center, similar to the main city, but on a more informal level. There is a general store with no proprietor. It is akin to rehearsing. The center is otherwise unequipped, except for a small gathering place, without props but for those who come into it, and into each other. No other services are considered vital in the offstage areas. In emergencies, there is usually an alchemist or herbalist who lives in the area. Although it burns a specially treated wood, that gives off no smoke and is never exhausted, the general store has a potbelly stove. A tribal structure develops, loosely on its own. The play is its own unity.

# KUBLA KHAN



# Letter from Sherwood Forest

Robbing from the rich. Giving to the poor. Just keeping it going, keeping it together, keeping on trucking. Entered liberated zone no. 16, the supermarket. Lately I've taken the habit of opening food packages and passing them out to everyone walking by. It turns a dull Saturday shopping for everyone into a festival. Everybody getting off and getting together eating dried fruits, cookies, fresh stuff. Remembered my silverware, but forgot my axe. Found more food in my mailbox at home. Wrote letters to a few companies complaining that their products were defective. They sent back whole cases of soups, etc. Plastic food but what the hell.

Needed bread today for something. Panhandled one dollar and ten cents. Converted the dollar into paper and made a xerox copy. Carefully cut the edges of the xerox copy and placed it on a dollar bill changer. Machine returned dollar in change and soon had two dollars. Made another xerox copy. On my sixth try, five dollars and some change richer, something went wrong with the machine and an alarm went off. Discreetly placed the xerox dollar bill in my pocket and produced a real one. Started kicking the machine and cursing at it and called for the maintenance man, telling him that the machine ripped me off. He gave me a dollar. Content with six and a half bucks, I split.

There is a law in Québec that says it is illegal to starve. Don't break the law. Go to welfare, tell them you can't find a job. They won't put you on welfare, that takes a bit more hassling and certification that you can't work, but they will feed you.

Joined a record club and book club. Both clubs offer fantastic deals on merchandise to new members. It is not necessary to pay until the merchandise is received. Joined under another name, even though there was nothing to sign. Impatiently waiting the mail strike to end to get my music and some bills to ignore. With a little bit of imagination, it is possible to become a lifetime member of these clubs.

Took a ride off the bus. Bus was crowded so I hopped on the back where the people get off. When nearing my stop I told the driver that I hadn't received my transfer. Got transfer. Little John prefers the underground. He fakes a motion of placing a transfer in the machine and deftly leaps over the turnstile, all in his stride, looking like he's

just walking through. Very good if you have long legs. Even Friartuck can get through by faking the first motion and then, with his free hand, pulling the turnstile back a little bit and slipping through. Be careful to keep your body between your hand without a transfer and the man in the booth.

Learned a little Jewish and discovered the fantastic savings on St. Laurent Blvd. A good vocabulary and good story entitles you to everything for free. A little Yiddish means a 75% discount. All merchandise in the city will be on sale at very reasonable rates. St. Jean Baptiste day is June 24. Happy shopping.

Got crabs by going behind a fish market after it closed and they had discarded the garbage. Also a few cod and swordfish. They have to discard most fish daily, by law. If you look like you deserve sympathy, talk to the owner.

Now that my telephone seems secure, it turns out to be a fantastic tool for creating chaos. If you remember how we saved Little John from execution at the hands of the Sheriff of Nottingham, you may understand the importance of this action. Discovered that gas, electricity, and telephones may be disconnected by a simple phone call. Also moving companies may be contacted. The look on my landlord's face after coming back from a vacation and finding his furniture in the street and no appliances left in his house was fantastic. Most stores deliver their weird variety of unessentials, C.O.D., no questions asked. Sent two pounds of dirt to a factory in the suburbs. After making a few more calls and having bar-b-que chickens and pizzas delivered to all sorts of places, hassling a few companies that I didn't really care for, I realized that I did this when I was five years old and my parents were out for New Year's eve. I then began calling radio and TV stations, newspapers and sending them out after all sorts of leads. From other callers throughout the country, I am told that the police and fire department have been sent on a number of missions after things that later turned out not to be true. Dreadful.

Basically, use your imagination and your opportunities are limitless. The system was built to be fritzed. Judo is using your opponent's motion to your own advantage. Take liberties to take liberty. Keep on trucking.

CARPE DIEM

Robin YIPPIE!

P.S. If you have any more suggestion on fritzing the system please pass them on to us and we will pass them on to everyone else. In this way we may all keep living in the style to which we are accustomed.

## - NOTES from YESTERYEAR -

In 1956, when the forces of Communist repression moved into Hungary to enforce a police state, the valiant Hungarian people strove against them, even though it was bare

fists against guns and heavy armor. One of the most startlingly effective techniques of self-defense, which these resourceful people invented in response to this situation, and which was the primary tool used in the near defeat of the Soviet bullies, was the "MOLOTOV COCKTAIL", a home-made incendiary-explosive device which was made in the following manner: First a soda or wine bottle was obtained. After filling it full of gasoline, (leaded gas proved to be the most volatile), other ingredients were sometimes added such as sand for increased fragmentation qualities, soapflakes, (which gave a napalm-like effect to the explosion, helping gas and sand stick to walls, skin, windows, etc, and burn with greater intensity), and gunpowder, which also greatly assisted explosion. They would then take a rag, (kotex were reputedly better but ignited faster), immerse it deep in the bottle, so as to make sure it fell into the gasoline, and secure the rag in place by jamming in a shaved cork and tying the rag around the neck of the bottle. Enclosed spaces, corners of rooms and buildings (well-thought) and especially places with combustible materials, were found to be the most suitable types of targets for this kind of weapon. The standing prescription for what to do upon completion of a "MOLOTOV COCKTAIL" was "light---throw - but don't forget to tip it upside down gently once or twice before igniting wick - do not hold it too long - practice in a riverbed first. ALL POWER TO THE GOOD SHOOTER!"



**CRIMESTOPPER'S NOTE:**  
Of course these devices are VERY dangerous. If you see one lying in the street - or in the hands of any suspicious-looking Hungarians - report it to the POLICE, military, etc. IMMEDIATELY





It is very difficult to understand the institution known as Community Switchboard and I for one scarcely have any idea of why certain things happened during the course of the last six months. Everyone who has answered the phone, or walked through the doors, or even called has had an influence. Throughout the course of these major influences, certain patterns develop. With these patterns I am concerned.

It is my intention to write a fairly short article on Community Switchboard and its history. The reason that I feel I should write it is that I have been with the organization since its beginning and therefore have a knowledge of the entire panorama of CS. But there is also the major drawback that because I worked in the organization for so long, I can be far from impartial. Be that as it may, I will write this trying to make any prejudices that I am aware of explicit. It is my hope that at least a few people will be interested in this history.

Switchboard was born a Pisces. I am not into astrology enough to know whether organizations are influenced by the stars like people are, but I should imagine so. Anyway, the conception came about at a meeting at Jarred Feinsmith's house on Sunday, March 8. I had been at the Youth Clinic helping stamp papers when they went off to the meeting and I went along. The purpose was a discussion of what had been happening in the community (inner city freaks) during the preceding winter. Present were about 10-15 people, including: Jarred, Qual, Johnathan, Ann, myself (Orestes), and CKGM-fm. The fm was there to make a tape of the meeting for broadcast. The meeting was so bad, mostly it was trivial political discussions, that the fm never used the tape. But during the course of the meeting someone suggested that what the community needed was a telephone service to tie people together: everybody could then know what was happening and could get together with their brothers and sisters on things of common interest. The idea would be that there would be no need for freaks to hibernate all winter as was the common practice. The idea was well received and someone suggested that it be called Community Switchboard. Jarred, who was at the time working at University Settlement, offered his office and the use of their phones for the project and a schedule was made to start operations the next day. There was a great deal of enthusiasm, and it was agreed that the hours of operation would be 11 a.m. - 10 p.m., Mon.-Fri. and 11-3 Sat., about the same hours that the Settlement was open.

The next day Switchboard opened. Jarred's office was small, but sufficient. CKGM-fm gave us a great amount of publicity and started doing a daily broadcast for us on Greg's show, just after 6 p.m. At first every organization in the inner city area was called telling about our existence and service. That first day a few calls came in including requests for things wanted to buy and sell and requests for rides. A wanted and provided file was made and a ride list started. Calls were logged on separate sheets of paper and later transferred neatly into a hard-covered book.

From the start, Jarred kept to the background in the operation of CS. He offered advice and help where necessary, but it was never his intention to run it. He saw himself as somebody to be somewhat on the outside, insuring SB's continued existence, but not on the inside running the new service. Easily, he could have run the thing if he wished to and he is to be admired in seeing how important it was for SB to be a community effort. Instead, leadership fell naturally to Qual. He was not a dictator or anything like that, rather, people turned to him for advice and he became in a sense a focal point for the operations.

By the end of the first week SB was functioning well. It had moved from Jarred's office to room 312 in the Settlement, which was much larger. Here it began collecting clothing and amassed all but one of the back issues of Logos in multiple numbers for distribution (free). SB was at the Settlement until the end of March. By then the volume of calls had increased to 50 a day. They included almost all types: (partial list) referrals to inner city groups and other groups, requests for jobs, rides, food, clothing, moving jobs, things wanted and provided, legal aid, people volunteering, and people who just wanted to rap. An average day saw 40 people pass through the office, many staying for long periods just to rap. Many of the people who came in needed a place to crash and a crash pad file was started. The place had honestly good vibrations.

The people that I can remember being involved in SB by the end of March were: Johnathan and Ann, who had already left, Qual, Steve Aikenhead, Steve Gallagher, Nancy, Rhene, Larry, Janice, St. John, Weird Harold, Allan, Irwin, Sharon and myself.

The first crisis the SB faced occurred because the Settlement had only given us until Easter in our office and we had to move out by then. Since the second week, most of the people in SB had been looking for a building to move into without success. At first it had to be a free building, but then nearer to Easter CKGM said they would pay the rent for a few months. For some reason, no building was found by Easter and Jarred arranged it so that we could stay in the Settlement over Easter when the building would normally be closed (and almost lost his job there). But SB absolutely had to be out by the next Wednesday (April 1) and would have been out on the street but for the generosity of Aquarian Design, who allowed us to use their front office temporarily with one phone line until we found a place. We moved into Aquarian April 1.

At Aquarian the hours were noon - 10 p.m., Mon.-Fri. It was a very pleasant place (the interior decoration was magnificent), but we had to limit the number of people there to about 3 or 5 because there would otherwise be too much noise and crowding. So SB ceased for a while to be a meeting place of people. The phone service continued in approximately the same way as before.

During this time Qual became less interested in SB and spent less time there. Much of the leadership fell to Steve Aikenhead and Nancy in the same way that it had fallen to Qual before. Nancy and Steve spent much time at Aquarian answering the phones. It was harder to staff the phones here because it was farther away,

and so it occasionally happened that the service did not start until 2 p.m. In general, SB at this stage was quite responsive to the community it served.

One of the strange things about SB was the makeup of the people who staffed the phones. While the service was founded to bring together an inner city community, most of the people who were on the phones were from the suburbs. Many of them were quite young and inexperienced as well. It was not that heads from the inner city were not welcome, but rather it seemed that they were totally uninterested in the community aspects of the phones. This point is one I cannot stress too strongly. It is probably the most influential in determining the whole history of SB. At all stages of SB there were always complaints that SB was fucked up. But note, the unfucked up community never came into SB to lend a helping hand.

Finally SB got a new building. It was located at 282 St. Catherine west. The lease started May 1 but we were able to move in about April 13 because the Playwrite's Workshop was kind enough to let us. Thanks also should be given to Jim Desson, since he lived with us until May 1. The telephone was located in the corridor between the front room and back office (in which Jim lived). The service was going from fairly early a.m. to late p.m. at the beginning. The operation was similar to Settlement in that we had to respect the wishes of the Playwrite's Workshop. People often came in to rap. It was a peaceful place with real good feelings. Soon after we moved in (from the log it seems like a matter of days), SB went 24 hours. There were very few calls at night, but always somebody to answer the phone.

The move to the new building was not universally accepted. Qual in particular, felt that by moving to St. Catherine St. SB would be cut off from the ghetto. From the later results I would say that Qual was completely right. Unfortunately, at the time there was a great sense of desperation on everybody's part and nobody really thought of this at all. It is only in retrospect that it is obvious. As a result, SB tended to be more transient oriented than ghetto oriented.

At this time SB had almost no money. The rent was to be paid by CKGM and the only source of income was private individuals. This money sufficed for a long time to pay the phone, buy stationery and sometimes feed a volunteer. All the volunteers were unpaid. Everybody was a volunteer. Everyone was in good spirits.

About May 1 many things changed. Jim Desson moved out and the phone was moved into the back room where it is now. SB had become a drop-in center for many people. There were many transients who needed a place to crash. And many volunteers were beginning to sleep in the SB building. About this time it became obvious that the SB was not working as well as it would be liked and the probable reason was that the people weren't together (didn't know each other well enough). It was decided that the SB volunteer staff should move into the SB building and make SB their home. About 20 people were called staff for this purpose. Only 10-15 moved in. The place was SB's home and there were communal meals for whomsoever happened to be there. The place resonated reasonably good feelings for a while.

The unfortunate thing is that the idea didn't work and people didn't get really together. There was also the problem (more theoretical than real actually) that by saying such and such could live there and these were staff, the risk was run of closing off the place to everyone else and it would then cease to be a community thing. That didn't happen because anybody who wanted to work for SB could still join the communal living arrangement. The communal meals tended, at least at first, to be open to anyone who happened to be there at the time. In fact, usually a collection was taken up to go out to buy the meal.

In the first half of May many problems developed. The first was that speed freaks were taking over the drop-in center aspects of the SB. They were shooting up in the place and it was thought jeopardizing the continued existence of the place. The volunteers answering the phones and living there could not cope. And many of the volunteers had, by this time, no other place to live. So a decision was taken that SB be closed to outsiders until the people were more together. Too bad in the long run. But what were the alternatives? Of course, people still came in from outside, but the rule was applied selectively so that undesirables were kept out. A very bad precedent.

During all this time the feelings were sometimes good and sometimes bad. It varied. Strangely enough, there were almost no pig basals. In all the time SB has been in existence, they have been there maybe 10 or so times. There has been only one drug search which uncovered nothing, and one person was busted at another time after being followed by a narc. That is one of the more amazing things that I can see.

There was also an important change in the broadcast. Instead of our calling up Greg at about six and giving him the info which he later read on the air, he suggested that we read it directly onto the air ourselves. After a while it was a hassle trying to find someone to do the broadcast each day and gradually Jim Desson began to do it completely by himself every day. He expanded it to include news as well as announcements.

At this time Larry tended to become the central figure in SB, similar to what Qual had once been. He became a kind of leader by consensus. Probably it was because people trusted him and thought his ability was high. He never had any more POver than anyone else, of course.

I split towards the end of May and returned in mid-June. The vacation was necessary for my head. Most of the SB people had at some time or another taken a vacation. For SB was never just a job. It was a total experience which the people working there lived. The only change that occurred while I was gone was that the SB volunteer staff moved to the old Tell It As It Is staff house on Hutchison. This created the problem of staffing the phones because people were no longer living there. At times there was even nobody on phones.



# AN AMERIKAN DREAM.

Amerika, this is to you. I'm trying to figure something out. I guess I should start from the beginning, if I knew whether that's ten years or twenty years or two hundred years ago or two years from now or maybe this evening. Starting point, a broken fragment of the promised life. Your child, Amerika, weaned on the great society and two cars in every garage. Childhood fantasies of baseball stars and freedom. I was very small. Someone kept talking about utopia. My friend got mad and they sent him to a hospital. I'm beginning to feel like an orphan.

Breeding ground, this city. Main street, summer's night. Electricity pouring down the rain that I wish would be coming. Hot town, summer in the city. Night, the sky closes, the heat closes in, the people, more, closer, traffic jams off and on the sidewalk. Chicken Little screaming. Maybe I'm just a mutant.

Breeding ground, this city. We grew up swallowing this and education faster than it could mean anything. Our time was seized, baffled at birth; breast fed nursery rhymes and systems and data; old math and new history. Every year, the air smelt worse, the trees a little less green, the streets that much dirtier. Somebody somewhere went to war. From time to time someone freaked.

This is also a midnight scream on a mountaintop. Crying holy filth and praying before an abandoned temple; an abandoned city; an abandoned earth; abandoned to be overrun by creatures of death, motions of death, life in death. The die was cast for the mariner and we all lost. Amerika, you shot the albatross; Paul Bunyan and a thousand dead forests and five million dead bison and twenty million dead Indians. It said so in your history books. Your history books never told us about Thomas Jefferson saying we needed a revolution every twenty years. Amerika, this was your founding father. He is my father.

I am your child, Amerika. Raised on hamburger's and coca-cola on television, instant potatoes, instant education and instant war. In the books it spoke of freedom. One morning I woke up to find out what you called freedom. I didn't like the inside of a jail and I didn't wish to sleep anymore. Your child, Amerika, I am your product, I am you. And you are making me ill. Your cop is my cancer, your business man my tapeworm, your politician my liver's psoriasis, your government's brain clot. I can't even react. Your food makes me constipated. I am looking for a surgeon.

Politics is the relations of one individual to another. When I screw it is voting with my cock. Stick it up your ass, Amerika, it's loaded. Remembering when we marched; politics we called it. All together down every avenue, it was so genuine and non-violent and democratic. We believed we were a new party and could stop all this insanity. Back in 1963, charting Madame Nhu must go, and there was a coup d'état, and a few more new governments in Vietnam and a few more people thought the war rather strange. And Jim Crow, we said, he gotta go too, baby. And a bill got passed. And a few more saw that maybe the blacks weren't getting all their due process. And President Kennedy was shot and that was sad. And so were Goodman, Schwerner and Schwaney, and that wasn't nice either. And our numbers grew and so did the war and the hatred and the bigotry. And all the time the police got piggier and the rednecks meaner and the oppression heavier. There were a lot of us then, all with sore throats of frustration, bitter. I stopped marching, but I was learning to sing blues like I was black and my hair grew way out of my head. Amerika, I never wanted to be a white nigger.

It was a little confused then, Amerika, if you can still hear me. But we knew all the time that something was wrong. Nobody told us. I hadn't read the Declaration of Independence since I was six. I could never begin to explain why. But it was there. Your system was beyond the point that any scotch taping could fix it or make it nicer to live in. We looked for a way out and sat up all night discussing life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

A generation split. Followed Kerouac's thumb to Frisco. We all lived so together in a funny house, painted all three colors, we shared this great mattress it was so good and together again. In the evening the fog came in. I sat in the meditation room. I loved you then, I loved you when. No one worked and we got higher and higher every day. From time to time the man came to the door. We were practising anarchy inside of it; they freaked. I walked the street and got searched. Every day for three months. Visited my friends and spoke to them for the allotted five minutes through the little window. And went back to practise a post-liberated existence. And learned not to carry any dope and wondered if the phone was tapped and got higher and freer and came down to answer the man at the door.

We were free for a flash. For a moment of life. Stepped outside the doors for a second, smashed through the looking glass and learned to live and experience and feel. But not for long. Ripped off for another scene. We looked for the doctor and he said you can't create a new reality inside an old context. From somewhere I flash a picture of



swimming in an oil slick off Santa Barbara. Amerika, this is a biography your child, but I'm beginning to feel a little homeless.

A generation split. It was so good again, living on the farm. Mountain nights and cool breeze and making love all the time it was Mountain nights and cool breeze and climbing trees to sit with the birds and flying with them and making love all the time it was always summer and somehow I never lost my virginity, I had just regained it. The tomatoes grew so easy, we talked to squirrels and the neighbors thought us crazy and the health department pigs and the police called all the girls in the house runaways and made us outlaws on our own soil, and welfare said we couldn't educate our own children. Amerika, your dream sounds like a bit of a tragedy.

Amerika, I am your child, and you have spread your disease across a whole planet and won't let me forget it. Amerika, I am your child and your illness is making me sick. It's not homesickness cause you won't let me runaway. Amerika, you have told me of life and want me to live a death. Amerika, I'm running out of alternatives. Amerika, I've had enough. Amerika, it's time we brought it all home.

Amerika, I'm sorry. I can't bring it on home. You brought it all home to me first. My government is a front for years. I live inside a colony owned by General Motors and Bell Telephone and Standard Oil. Our capitol city is a tree lined boulevard for tourists. The decisions are made in Washington. Even the name Kanada starts where Amerika leaves off. Amerika, Amerikan, AMERIKANADA. I'm not that stupid. That line at the forty-ninth parallel is a figment of your fragmented minds. You can't change the name of a corporation and expect it to be something different. Amerikanada, I'm tired of running away from home and finding that I've never left. This is not a pretty dream.

Another morning, hits of sunlight, I'm watching from the window. Watching for the day colors. Another promise, the sun burns through a few clouds. Reminisces like Marat being executed by Robespierre and he by Danton and the Bill of Human Rights being washed clean of ink by blood and re-written as the Napoleonic Code. I'm still ruled by the Code Napoléon. I'm still a dying baby grasping for its first breath. This time for real my first cracks the dawn.

There's something going down, Amerikanada, and you'd better be listening, I can't begin to tell you it's history. It's no bullshit this time. Everybody's trying something new, everybody's changing. There's some friends of mine who went to the country and you didn't find them and they're out there creating a whole new religion. It's all based on being alive every minute, Amerika, and you can't touch them. There's more people out in those hills than you could ever think to exist. Amerikanada, there's this perpetual celebration of life and it's not happening behind closed doors and drawn shades and mystery coded telephone messages. It's open and dancing and there's nothing hidden and we're going to do what we do screw all this bullshit about permit and regulations; my birth is my permit. My liberty is my right. Your students aren't taking an extended summer vacation to return to a comfortable niche in the structure. This is real and it's not going to stop till we're all there.

Amerikanada, those flashes of freedom weren't illusion. I recall them from a haze of past days and too many odd nights in too many odd jails. I light a joint and wander down a side street, pleasant dreams, fantasizing; a sun up leaves a shadow trail. On the bus they watch me walking, growling with jealous suspicion. It's 8:30 A.M. and they know I'm not going to work. A frightened construction worker whistles under his weakening virility. I wonder if my hair really does turn on; do I scare him that much. After my ass, man; my ass is the revolution.

My brother across the street doing the same. We exchange tokens and smiles through a language barrier. That's part of it too, North Amerikanada, we're all in this together: Québécois, black man, white nigger, hippie, Americano, Canadiano, North Americano. We deserted your empire to find that we were still in it. You've left us nowhere to run. I refused to serve your army the last time you called, but now you've left me no choice.

I'm tired of seeing Life Magazine get rich by printing stories of our attempts at starting a new world. Weary by the sound of the music I made at the side of a highway become ammunition for the record companies. Fed up at using coca-cola matches to light incense sticks. Stripped by clothing manufacturers mass producing my tattered rags. I can't write much longer. I'm learning and hoping through the morning faster than I can get it down. I don't think I even told you anything, but you better be hearing, because it's there coming from all the world and it's an army of liberation outside your door.

Amerikanada, there's something coming down and it's already come and it's spinning through your heads. Amerikanada, there's something coming and it's already come and it's spinning through your heads and smashing your factories and burning your schools and pouring into your streets. Amerikanada, the prophecies of Jefferson and Marat are coming true. Amerikanada, this time your calling me to action and I'm coming. Amerikanada, I'm gonna have to be my own surgeon. Amerikanada, I accept your draft. We are the volunteers of North Amerika.











We are living times of total change- a change of action and manners- one that goes past that down to our basic thought process. If any change is to happen, the change must be complete. A cultural revolution involves new modes of thought, new awarenesses and complete new ways of being. We are that revolution.

The responsibility of perpetuating a given culture lies primarily with the educational system. Through education are ideas, values, morals, ethics, concepts, and patterns of thought transmitted from generation to generation. This is called cultural continuity. This is also called brainwashing. Western culture has developed an educational system designed to manufacture members of a society; to take the individual and shape him to fit in a certain mold and fall neatly into the proper niche in the social structure. It has evolved to a degree where the child is, from almost at birth, taking from his home and placed in schools, where he learns according to the program. This continues until he has least finished his compulsory education. What the state cannot teach the child in the first five years, it manages to teach the child in other ways - through the media, and more importantly - through the destruction of the instinctive raising of the child by the mother by having the mother raise her child according to the set values of child care - weaned on a cigarette.

This pattern is crumbling along with everything else. The universities are becoming the center of militant unrest and dissent. They are ordered closed in order to protect the system. When they are not closed, the planned products of the great society are burning down the assembly line themselves. Parents have stopped sending their children to school. I have met six year old children, raised on communes, who dropped out of first grade. Their educational experience was so intense and perpetual and complete - and integrated into their life style - that when they entered the stifling atmosphere of the classroom where their freedom and imagination were completely suspended - they saw through it right away and left in total frustration. The educational experience of the commune is essentially the educational experience of the free university.

It is to be assumed that the learning process is good and should be an on-going thing; it is, and there's nothing we can do about that. Our experience is our education, and that will not cease. A free university bases its teachings on the fact that learning is an experience, not a study where the individual detaches from what he is learning, reads in a book and calls it learnt. At best the straight student will become alienated and education will occur when he realizes his alienation. He grows up, taught from birth, that he is separate from what he is learning and eventually he learns to feel separate from his fellow students and his environments. His education is alienation. At the highest of studies he is freed to inquire about whatever subjects he feels are interesting. He goes about this by the usual means, researching in books, periodicals, magazines, newspapers, etc., and all over for an answer, till he might finally learn something when he picks up his head from the dust and says "Huh". Never is he allowed to think of looking at his own head or his brother's or taking a walk and digging

gathering of our new culture; to varying degrees we have all been indoctrinated into a culture of alienation and consumption and expected to fit into the mold and be over-ruse and throw it away robots; we have broke through the first doors, but if we're going to grow, we'll have to share the fragments of experience and a learning we've gathered from our new life styles and awarenesses. We're developing new religions, new awarenesses and new drugs - a whole new culture. Eventually we'll probably have to burn down the free universities too, but for now this is one of the only backbones we got. Share it, teach it, learn it, we got to get it together, NOW.

The Community Switchboard has space available upstairs for the purpose of classes and meetings. There are people willing to teach/learn courses in aikido, (an oriental form of self-defense akin in ethic to judo) improvisational theatre, mime and dance and a more westernized form of self-defense. If anyone wishes to be a teacher/learner/experiencer/(student), call the Switchboard, 861-4502 or Logos, 849-5020.



**FREE UNIV.**

where he is. His experience is not relevant to his education. Nor is he relevant to his education. Or to his environment. Or to anybody.

A free university breaks down these barriers. It is educational experience. It teaches use of the imagination. It takes the books out of the desk and teaches the students to write their own, or better yet live their own. There is no separation between the individual and the learning process. There is no separation between the individual and the brother students. Action and learning and being are integrated. The environment is generally not a classroom, ideally it is anything but this. Education occurs as the class desires to learn. The school is a walk in the fields, a shouting match on a streetcorner. The teacher is not a trained instructor learned in asking the right questions to lead the class in the proper direction, but a know nothing. He is the one with the most questions, with the least knowledge and the greatest desire to learn.

A free university is educational experience. What is learned in such environments - not so much the subject, but an awareness, a feeling of life. Once the basic barrier of alienation has been broken down the potentials are limitless. A free university becomes a floating mass of bodies in a castle in the air, a group grope after the perpetual high, an orgy of life, based on some kind of quest for knowledge, which really isn't knowledge at all, but experience.

The school evolves to pure imagination. Courses change from month to month, from session to session. The university students and their environment is all that matters and what is relevant one day is no longer relevant the next. It is the education of individuals in a group, not a mass of beings. Here, no stream of thought is irrelevant to the course, each energy moving the class in a different direction. Its growth is as free as the mind. The university no longer serves the useful social function of fitting pegs into holes but now develops ever expanding consciousness.

If one's education is one's experience then one no longer sees things as separate subjects, separate events, separate happenings; nor does he see himself as a separate object. The students become us into each other and their course environment as they do with their course. All this is of equal importance as learning occurs on a multitude of levels. The students never really learn any particular subject, but they are learning interrelationships on all levels.

These interrelationships are also ever expanding. There are students in a course - there is a central building in which courses requiring indoor space are held - students from courses cross each other and meet and exchange themselves, their ideas, their experiences. The experience of one course then becomes part of the experience of the next course. It is bound to happen that certain tribes will develop with certain interests. These interests are prevented from becoming narrowed by the perpetual exchange that the school is, and the tribes revolve around each other.

Pleasant fantasy, but to why. We have to educate ourselves, no one's going to teach us what we need to know. We have an alternative culture, but it lies in fragments, scattered energy, scattered ideas, new concepts developing and a lot of people with a lot to share and learn from each other. There is a need for defense training, post-depression survival courses; the sharing of new concepts is essential to the evolution and stren-







## CITY OF YELLOW-JACKETS

As befits a doomed and wicked city, the Gomorrah of the yellow-jackets - social wasps which nest underground - is a pre-empted cavern once borrowed-out by the mammals of the forest floor. The honeycombs of the shrews and mice are often only temporary thoroughfares for nesting or finding food, to be bulldozed out by the next highway builder passing through. But short stretches of these thoroughfares do achieve a certain permanence by serving well the nest-building activities of the yellow-jacket societies. These yellow-jacket nests are crude affairs, completely unlike the masterpieces of engineering of the honeybees, or those of other hornets which nest above ground. The yellow-jacket *Vespula* is not a builder, she is a remodeler.

The *Vespula* queen, bright in her black and gold, courses low over the landscape in early spring, investigating rodent tunnels, dismissing each in turn because of some hidden flaw. Finally she lights on one and inspects it more thoroughly; she flies off to search some more, but always she returns to compare the new finds with this one. None better seems available, so she makes her choice.

The queen first digs a chamber for herself. In and out of the hole she flies, directly to a woodpile or log, where she scrapes off splinters and fibers and kneads them into building mortar with her jaws. The yellow-jacket queen begins her house with the ceiling first. It is a large canopy, propped by the construction of pillars and arches. She rolls pebbles and stones out of her way, or cements them to the sides of the nest; she excavates where necessary and seals off the tunnels formerly used by the shrew. When the land is cleared and excavated, she adds her next story, a ceiling below the first ceiling.

Throughout the history of the nest, the yellow-jackets carry out a rebuilding operation that would appall a human contractor. As ceiling combs grow old, they are discarded, much as if an architect kept shutting off old rooms in a house and adding new wings. Additions to the *Vespula* nest are always made below, but if a rock should interfere, they will also expand to the sides. Little planning or structural beauty can be seen in the nests, but they are sturdy jobs. The array of ceilings are well-propped by flying buttresses and inverted arches.

On the first ceiling that she constructed, the queen builds several small cups - upside-down, like everything else in this city - and lays (or rather pastes, since they would otherwise fall out) her eggs. The eggs hatch in about eight days, and now she is not only founding a city but also feeding a brood. Adult yellow-jackets sip nectar, but the larvae need red meat; she must not only carry back pulpwood but also game. Fortunately, unlike most wasps, the yellow-jacket young are not very particular about the kinds of insects they are fed. Once the first brood has matured, the queen turns over to them the entire job of managing the city. She devotes her energies solely to egg-laying.

Now the city grows quickly, in a few months enlarging to perhaps twice the size of a city's head. In all, some queens may produce about 25,000 short-lived offspring, of which more than 5,000 can be found in the nest at any one time, although the average numbers are usually considerably less. The original scrapings in the rodent nest have grown to a teeming city, with whole ceilings raised, rooms rearranged, new wings added. The city hums with industry,

and into its coffers is brought pillage from the surrounding countryside. Throughout the forest, insects venture abroad to be swooped upon and mutilated by the daughters of *Vespula*. So prosperous does the city become that by the end of August it can afford to send out colonizers, lords and ladies beautifully clad in shining coats that have never been splattered with the mud of artisan labor. They are the future queens, and kings for the moment of impregnation only, ready to be launched into the world to found new dominions.

With their departure, the queen loses all energy. Her production lessens markedly, and she sluggishly moves to the cups to insert her egg-laying tool. Soon she finds a corner to lie in, gasping from the exertion. The days of her empire are now numbered. Occasionally, the workers fight among themselves, some breaking into the larval cells and devouring the young. A madness begins to set away at the very foundations of the city.

More and more workers take to devouring the larvae, but still unsated, they abuse, then torture, the young. An orgy has begun that will end only with the death of the city. No longer do the workers set out on expeditions of pillage, but like a mercenary army without discipline, they rush through the combs looting and destroying. The queen is assassinated, and every worker becomes a queen. It is democracy in its most horrible form. So well do the assassins do their jobs that but few remain, the fluttering of their wings reverberating through the empty halls.

The walls of the city have been breached, and in slinks the silent army of destroyers. Mites overrun the combs, and millipedes and woodlice chew down the pulp walls. The silverfish, the spider, the earwig enter, and even the rodent returns to reclaim his nest. The last of the yellow-jackets are quickly killed off by the invaders, or die simply of hunger, too listless to seek the fall flowers for their sweet nectar. The walls of the city crumble, and it is no more. The only survivors are the few mated queens, sent off in the days of the city's prosperity, who seek out warm places to hibernate until the next spring. They remain innocent of the carnage until the following year, when they too will be victims of the assassins.

The destruction of the yellow-jacket city marks the end of the living year in the forest soil. One by one, the dwellers of the forest prepare for the winter cold. The trees have already shut down their waterworks; only a few brown leaves still hang from oaks like wilted banners after a parade. The leaves are heaped in dank monoliths on the forest floor, a task of decomposition awaiting the fungi in the spring. The earthworms have burrowed deep, and the mole now makes his borings at greater depth. Some organisms, like many insects, have cast their eggs into the soil, and the species is represented on the planet only in that stage. As the temperature grows colder, a quiet settles upon the soil, and nothing remains of the throbbing life of summer but the deer mouse in his endless rounds, searching for forgotten seeds.

But the lifelessness of the winter soil is no illusion. For were we to dig down under the snow and into the hard, frozen earth we should come upon the hope of the next season: the roots, ready to put out new growth; a frozen mite awaiting the thaw; the spores of countless numbers of microbes. All will arise again from the soil in a magic promise of spring that has never been broken since life began.

- Peter Farb in *Living Earth*



# My Daily Planet.

**SIGNS OF REVOLUTION.** An endless list of a trembling enemy trying to stabilize its ground. Worried liberals scratching their heads. And laws and trials and more attempts at crushing it. Nixon learns where the war really is. Open fire on the home front.

In California, Gov. Reagan's bloodbath becomes a practical reality. Suspending democracy in order to preserve it. Wire tapping becomes legal. A complete spy system has been set up, complete with all the latest Big Brother techniques. Suspicious characters may be detained for sixty days with no trial and no bail. Detention areas for 5,000 are ready for a grand opening. More are planned. The gas chamber may be given to hush throwers even if no one gets killed. Unrest must be quelled at any price.

Isla Vista, California, scene of the burning of the Bank of America, remains occupied territory. According to the Police, it is a war situation. A dawn to dusk curfew has been imposed and will be enforced by arrest. The daylight is broken by buckshot. The excuse is the shooting of a straight college student, but it turns out he was shot by the Police themselves. It is reported that most Police departments are using dum-dum bullets, a weapon outlawed at Geneva fifty years ago. They are also not using tear gas which penetrates the lungs and is relatively harmless in relation to mustard or pepper gas, now more commonly in use, which penetrates the skin and causes far greater damage.

In Buffalo, calling a pig a pig is punishable by a fine and a jail sentence. In the city of Washington D.C., no knock search and enter laws are being passed. Wire tapping will be made legal. All legal fees incurred by a citizen suing a cop will be paid by the citizen, even if the pig is found guilty. Using the constitution for bad scap.

From Nixon's office comes word that he is utilizing the computer facilities of the Rand Corp., to see if it is at all feasible to abolish the federal election in 1972.

The U.S. Army has a computerized file system of political and private activities of dissenters ranging from Annie Hoffman down to underground newspaper subscribers. The army is rapidly taking over undercover work and becoming the national Police force in the absence of such a thing.

The Nixon state department has given Canada until Dec. 31, 1970 to accept U.S. planned energy integration systems, with U.S. total control of all resources. All North America would have to accept American policies.

In Vancouver, super-narc Sadenko, pays frequent visits to town and boats occur in hundreds. It is impossible to be on a street corner without being hassled by the man. And don't try to stop to talk to anyone.

And back home again, Mayor Drapeau wants to clean up his city's biggest eyecore, the hippies, so tourists coming to town will not be upset. Along with the Olympic announcement, he announced a war on long hairs, to run them off the streets. That is, if there are any streets left to walk on.

Meanwhile, the trial of the New York 21 - charged with conspiracy to bomb various places in New York - the Chicago 7, the Chicago 11, the Seattle 8, and a few thousand more drag on. Bobby Seale awaits trial with the New Haven 9 before the pigged jury. On May 4, four white boys murdered three black students. Two weeks later, 11 blacks were murdered in Jackson, Miss. END THE REPRESSION. FREE YOURSELF. FREE YOUR BROTHER. FREE ALL PRISONERS. FREE NORTH AMERIKA.



**RAP BROWN**, daddy of the revolution in the government's eyes, never showed up for his trial in Maryland. The FBI has called for a manhunt. As Rap hasn't been seen publicly since March 7. His lawyers insist they don't know where he is. He is charged with making an inflammatory street speech in Cambridge, Maryland in July '67. Shortly after the speech, there were gunfire exchanges between pigs and blacks, and two blocks of the ghetto went up in flame.



## FREE BOBBY

How many free bobby's must I incant in order to... Did you know that on the day they tried the rosenbergs for conspiracy, the white house was ringed 'round by people of all nations and persuasions, dignitaries all; pleading till there wasn't any sidewalk left, for all the feet, and there was a phone - did you know - in the electric room that went straight to the president and all they had to do was say yes I did it and things would've been different but they died in those fucking iron fascists with all the people standing around woutside saying they can't really do it they only mean to scare them, and looking out over their numbers they were sure - they can't really do it - and julius and ethel rosenberg died while their kids were at the babysitter's.

And did you know that huey newton was supposed to die in the electric chair, for the crime of defending his black ass in a white pigstate? and that they had his head shaved and the press releases written and that they weren't even a little worried about what the people might make of it? and don't you remember how when we screamed and railed and left FREE Huey! on every wall and burned detroit and watts because of what they were/are - how they clucked their tongues and shook their heads and allowed as how "that's not gonna get you anywhere", but when and where along the line did it happen that huey didn't die? who had smuck word in to the honky courts system that a black man is not a dog? they didn't read it in the constitution, and they didn't find out by finally listening to their children and i'd take even money it wasn't an acid flash.

There are four walls, each a movie screen, on one is the white house march to save the rosenbergs, and everyone standing around, saying "they can't do it, there are a lot of us and we are determined and they can't do it", confident in the strength of their numbers, their presence, their righteousness, not even knowing when the rosenbergs died. They were all in the same room, the others from two, an inkling sound of fear is heard. bobby is flung free, in a coward's attempt at appeasement. A unified thunder rolls: THERE ARE NINE! NINE SHALL BE SET FREE!

The pinking gets on our nerves; they hesitate a moment/too long; the screen is ripped and rent into two/three/many shreds. we barely have time to free the new haven nine/before the entire system/resting upon that one iron chair, now sundered, collapsed/into the aisles along with the bubble gum and stale popcorn.

to love bobby so much that it makes you crazy enough/to believe we can win. to become mad enough/to win.

Reprinted from the Berkeley Tribe.

ARMY AS WILL STOP ALL JIVE  
BUCKSHOTS WILL DOWN THE COPE  
FBI WILL OPEN PRISON GATES  
CARBONE WILL STOP THE WAR MACHINE  
JAY WILL WIN US HEAVEN  
AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN LEAD  
YOU ARE ALREADY DEAD  
MURDER P. NEWTON, MD. OF DEFENSE, R.P.P.



## STRIKE

Universities and colleges all across the United States of Asparagus are underway at a general strike. Major demonstrations are being staged faster than they can be countered. Schools that are not being closed down by the students are being closed down by state and college officials in fear. The student strike marks a change from protesting the War to forcing it to stop! Can the war be stopped? Yes! This is the apparent answer given to Tricky Dick & Co. Dig these headlines - South Orange N.J. - Police invade campus of Seton Hall U. to intercept 500 students who are heading towards the ROTC building, all carrying torches. Madison, Wisc. - 3,000 students fight all afternoon a night against Police & state troopers. Austin, Texas - Nixon burned in effigy. Waltham, Mass. - National Strike Headquarters reports 350-400 colleges shut down. Milwaukee, Wisc. - two buildings firebombed at Marquette U. campus. University of Maryland - several thousand students have been clashing with state and county pigs. Two buildings were firebombed. ROTC taken over and trashed, and a major highway totally blocked. One student shot in the leg. The campus was finally flooded with tear gas and a curfew imposed.

We have taken over our campuses. We have the power to keep them. When I travelled from Washington to Long Island, all along the way I crashed at liberated Universities from George Washington U. and N.Y.U. to Massau College and Maryland U. All over despite the tear gas, heavy fighting, and the pigs, our people streaming all over with triumphant smiles of victory. RIGHT ON!

The repression that has followed student demonstrations against the invasion of Cambodia, has destroyed Middle Amerika's sanctuary. They're being forced out of their apathy. Despite the apparent power of the men in Washington, it is not they but WE THE PEOPLE, who do the country's work and fight its wars. If we refuse to work and fight, the war must stop and the way is opening to the end of the daily oppression and violence by all of which the war is only the most spectacular example. SPREAD THE STRIKE! SPREAD THE STRIKE! SPREAD THE STRIKE!



Next year the Canadian Government is to pay farmers 40 million dollars for not growing wheat. For the past 3 years they have been unable to sell most of what they grow and storage facilities are now overflowing. Short of giving it away, the government is burning it. The wheat is rotting in the fields. The old cars, in attics, in garages, in basements, town halls, etc. etc.

One of the more interesting side effects of the glut has been the virtual collapse of the monetary system in rural communities and a falling back on a primitive barter system. Farmers are quite literally using bread to buy things. Hip jargon has become straight reality. They are swapping wheat for shaving cream, tractors, mortgages, hog-pager. At Saskatchewan University students from the prairie provinces are being allowed to pay for part of their tuition in wheat. We need a European paper to tell us this. Reprinted from IT.

EUCLID, Ohio: Four teenagers in the suburban town of Euclid, outside Cleveland, Ohio, have been charged with arson - setting fire to Lake Erie. Fires were set in the highly polluted lake which has been a dead sea for years and flames shot high in the air. The fires were fueled by oil which, firemen said, had apparently flowed into the lake via a storm sewer. Lake Erie is not the only fire hazard in Cleveland. Lake Erie is a city which flows through the city caught fire.



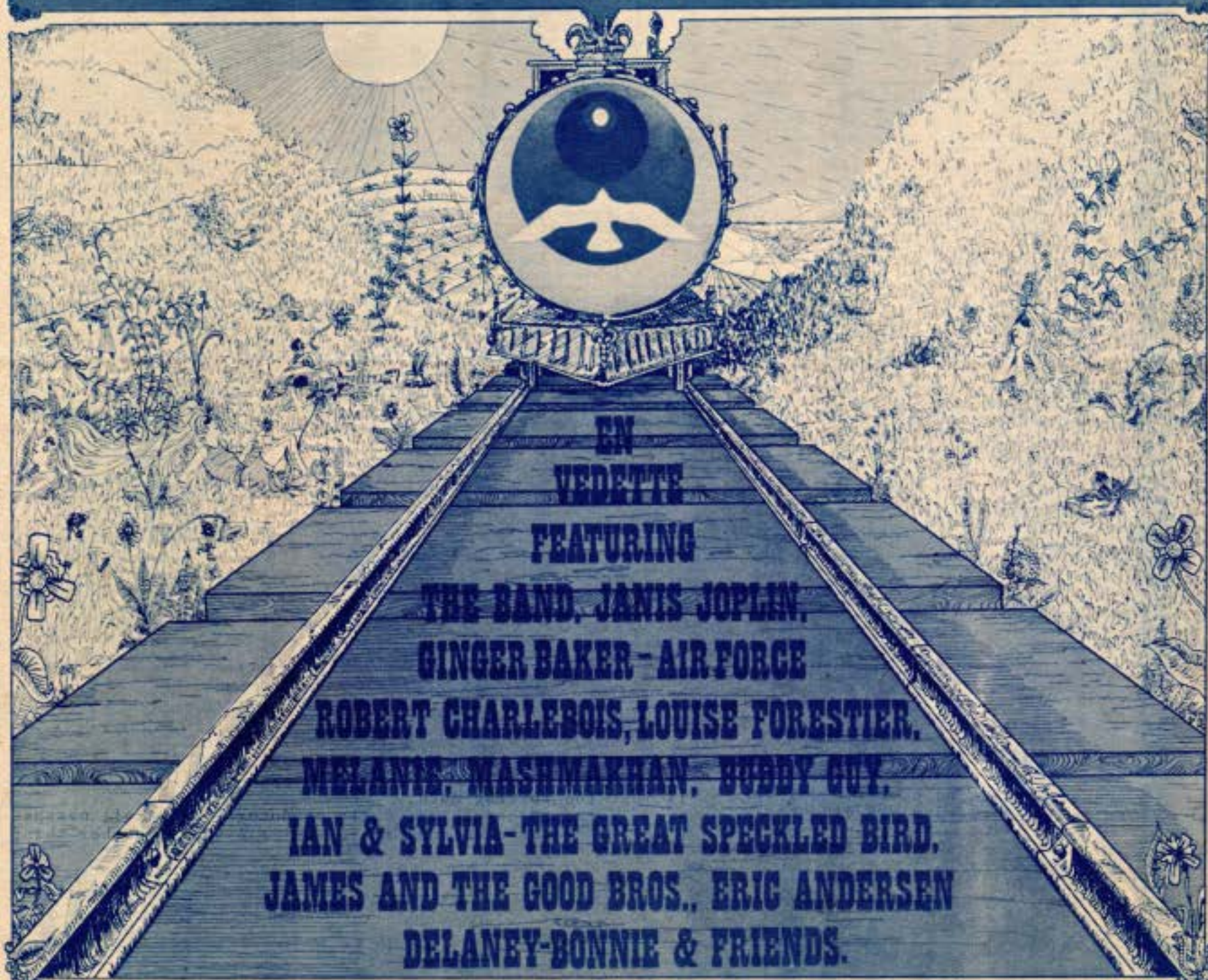
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# THE MUSIC CORPORATION: A FEW NEGATIVE REMARKS

Some things are beginning to shape up musically around here which really deserve careful review. A review not of the artistic quality of the music itself, but of how it's marketed to the salivating, ear-phoned head consumer. The greatest difficulty in approaching the problem of the music industry is recognizing that something's wrong. All right, I've got my stereo, my records, go to a couple of concerts (sneak in when I can) outasight; it helps me stay high and dancing. Meanwhile a couple of hundred dozen very cool, fat, mod people that wouldn't pick me up hitchhiking, wouldn't sit next to me on an airplane - are becoming multi-millionaires, and not a penny goes into the only community thing we've got going.

But that's alright; the fm stereo station says these people are bringing our culture to us and deserve to make some money and Donald K. says he only made ninety dollars on the Doors show, and ol' Tedd made seven dollars selling papers at the door to feed three people for a week. That's okay, I happen to like Donald, comic book character that he is...but my brother Tedd had scurvy last winter.

Taj Mahal sings about the chickens and the ducks and record prices are imperceptibly going up, until those positivists charge a dollar more for their Abbey Road than any other list album, and Rolling Stone comes out once a month and the editor Jann Wenner is in this month's (of all things) Cosmopolitan "Hippie Capitalist" article: (read... "publishing fortune with roots in student rebellion.") No, there's something wrong and I've got an idea of how it starts because it's going on here.

Side One - complete with CFOX ad and pimply Mike Gilligan publishing it - Ken Waxmen says, "We're not a community newspaper...I'm just publishing a rock and roll paper." That's just before he slams the phone down hanging up - "Who is this anyway?" - John - "John who?" That's not very important, I'm a person like you, and my last name has very little to do with what I'm saying - click. Last names and where you're from is very important to businessmen. Try calling David Williams without giving your last name - now try the Switchboard: there's a difference - Waxmen told me what it is: it's separated itself from the community - you and I aren't our music - it's Polydor records and the York Theatre in Montreal - and they don't advertise in Logos - read the Gazette.

When people move in to separate rock & roll from the community, that's when our concerts become a shuck, that's how promoters get rich, that's why our music - like dope peddlars and liberal demonstrations - become a jive-assed rip-off. There's a big difference between the good feeling of sitting in Phantasmagoria (even with the bullshit Astrological Peace Festival Robes" and Eric & Marsha's - Hippy Capitalist? - 3 day weekend in the country.) and the exploitation of being shuffled thru the narrow aisles and flashing lights of Alex Sherman's.

When concerts begin to cost ten dollars a day - even for my five year old daughter to come along and play in the trash at the Autostade - it's no longer a hype or a shuck - it's a rip-off. Music producers and promoters are beating us for our culture. Culture is bullshit. Our culture, as far as I can see, is good feeling with our brothers - and our brothers are those people who can relate to other people as brothers and sisters - those that can't are rip-offs and all peace-love & good vibesers are going to realize this as soon as their heads are beat - by the Police



-the school principal- or those people producing and marketing their music.

If Taj Mahal's what I think is funk and I can sit and talk with him for an hour and a half and roll cigarettes - I don't need a fat-assed middle-man mod punk to shuffle my head and ruffle my pockets in between. It's time the rip-off producers realized this - and they won't until we do. And if they lose money it'll put pressure on the groups to lower their prices to accomodate people's costs. \$15,000 is just too fucking much.

If record companies, music producers, rock&roll newspapers, fm stereo stations, (free form is a whole 'nother thing than what we're getting) into bringing us our music and making money - good - but when they no longer look at it as our music, and their marketable products are making them too much money - then they're putting a supermarket in our ghetto - exploiting us with frozen food and packaged good vibes @ - if we eat that shit we deserve what it's doing to us. Stop asking what to do. All power to the imagination.

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# GINSBURG



Interview with Allen Ginsberg, which took place at the Sheraton-Mount Royal Hotel on the afternoon of November 1st, 1969. Allen was in to give a poetry reading for the McGill Debating Society and McGill Hillel Society that evening in the Union ballroom. There were about five people present in the small room -- with cars honking constantly outside, and numerous telephone calls in the interim. The following is a random sampling of some of Allen's raps. (Questions are included where needed.)

"That's a wild microphone... I was up all night smoking pot....."

(Allen began by singing Blake's 1st song from the Songs of Innocence harmonium, and then the 1st and last songs from the Songs of Experience.)

What I've been doing is putting Blake to music.....I recorded the Songs of Innocence and Experience.....What I've been doing is adapting Indian music mantra style to Buddhist and Guru songs using generally one or two chords -- learning chords -- learning notation...There's all that poetica coming out thru music now -- minstrel language in Dylan and the Beatles and in Donovan and they're actually beginning to be great poets -- people listening are beginning to turn on to language -- now, there's a great tradition of songlanguage going back to neolithic times...including the great gnostic statements and poems by Blake which might serve as a kind of standard to lay against Dylan or the Beatles with nobody suffering from the comparison and also might turn modern minstrels on to what went on in the days of Campion, Dowland, Waller...with Willy Blake whose early work is called songs because he used to sing them....I'm notating his songs for him....

(Question: But Blake seems so far in the past. Is there any way of making past poetry and the past generally, relevant?)

Well, Blake is relevant, just putting it in the form that people who are not used to him can hear it. The album cover has a Blake engraving on it...Blake was all hand...he sang the songs himself, and printed them along with their engravings themselves by himself in twenty copies and then he printed each picture....

I was out last night till about five, up on the mountain running around...and ended up in, what's the name of that big restaurant in the corner, Ben's...I dropped into Ben's last night...It's a universal restaurant, obviously one of the world's great city restaurants, it's all night, and last night was Halloween night so it was wilder than usual....

(Question: could you give us some sort of rap about what seeds you may envision planted in the wasteland that may grow in the seventies -- those seeds that die and grow, die and grow....)

People are going to the country and planting their own potatoes, people are doing their own organic gardening. The community element in the Western United States is important to the extent that people learn to live with the land again and respect trees and mother earth's skin and not poison it, ....It's getting beyond casual conversation. You have to be a botanist or biologist. People who have the power -- that is, industries, banks -- are the people with all the power, they have all the money -- or that kind of power anyway, you know, the money to buy the guns, out of whose barrels the power flows -- are equally threatened by the ecological catastrophe... and they have no way of escaping it any more than the people in the slums. They may want to delay it for themselves for a year. No one can buy themselves out of the situation, even though they think they can -- except maybe Werner Von Braun, sending rockets to the moon and Mars and even he can't survive there.

For a few people there might be the possibility of becoming hermits in the mountains and becoming completely self-dependent and independent. They might even survive with love, so to speak, on an absolutely literal farmer level. I don't say it will be any better, except with death maybe, but the planet is in a situation that's parless, corrupt, sick. On the surface of the planet, literally, the bacteria have multiplied, the man-bacteria. It might have been better in the nineteenth century from that point of view. Everybody's stuck on a sinking boat now...the planet's got five years. It's not as if everybody can go off in their little households. It seems to me that the whole planet crisis is specifically a threat enough to everybody under the age of 60.

In the middle of the large cities already, the services and facilities for some sort of peaceful existence have so broken down that everybody's gone crazy and is acting irrational. That is to say, on the lower east side, for instance, in the apartment houses, the radiators are leaking, the ceilings are falling down, the bed bugs are in the walls, you can't sleep at night, cockroaches are all over the joint, plaster has fallen all over, the toilets are not working properly, junkies are busting into apartments, stealing the television sets that they saved their three years' Puerto Rican doorman's pay for, garbage is all over the streets, children are walking out in the morning and playing with garbage as their normal ecological environment, cops and guns and paranoia are walking in the street.

There's violence in every direction, the whole city fabric has busted open and is completely freaked out.

Massive application of DDT all along may bring out another crisis with the fish and marine life. Automobile exhaust brings on heavy crisis in the large cities, so that people are coughing and in a couple of years, choking to death on the street.

Actually what they're waiting for is one large attack so that sooner or later everybody's going to wake up when one city gets it like, New York or L.A., on account of freak weather conditions, or in London where it's happened already. So according to some ecologists, about 1974, 1975, the squeeze of population and starvation gets so heavy and the pollution of the atmosphere gets so heavy that conditions turn into visible hell, like in Breughel, or Bosch or in the Bible. In some places, visible hell already exists: you look out from a rooftop in New York and what you see is literally Bosch's paintings of hell -- towers burning, people falling off, knifing each other in futuristic city alleyways.

So, that's a condition that nobody escapes -- the smog, the pollution, the poisoning of the food, plus their freak-out of the children within their own families, plus the continuous attrition to the nervous system by noise pollution, plus the continuous attrition to the psyche by television communication of paranoia and paranoia of cosmic planet threat imagery. So that everybody is at this point so freaked out, already, that people are thinking of leaving their bodies. So for three or four years as it is escalating it gets more and more intense so that it's not just that young kids are out to change the world and we're going to have a nice easy apartment to live in -- my apartment in New York is no longer habitable, it has cockroaches in it, ain't got a nice, easy apartment shelf to put myself in anymore, and very few people in my apartment house do. Like they're all freaking out, sticking needles in their arm and running up and down the stairways.

That happens in New York now and in Chicago -- massive violence on the streets -- and 80% of the population is in the cities, in America, which is abnormal to begin with. I think the threat is coming down on everybody is the form of soot. Burrough's thinks the planet's finished, he thinks it's already too late, and the consciousness of this has grown.

Have you ever seen Breughel's Triumph of Death -- millions of skeletons cutting down everything. That might be the great prophecy. You know, there's one skeleton for every living being in the Triumph of Death, one skeleton chopping them down; there's a couple of babies bawling on their dead mothers' arms and there's a skeleton dog sniffing at it; and there's a king dying and there's a skeleton holding an hourglass to his last gasp eyeball.

(Question: Do you see any order to this as Allan Watts did in The Joyous Cosmology?)

Well, yak, it's not that bad, we can escape out of our bodies, so there's no great eternal threat. I mean, nobody's going to get hurt. Finally, nobody's going to be here finally. So we're out of it that way. We're just phantoms sitting around waiting for the end of this particular weird part of the phantom movie, like any other phantoms way back in the 19th and 18th centuries, like in a different movie, thought they were in a larger place. So they had their revolutions and their apocalypses too.

At worst, we're at the bottom of the Calagua, the age of destruction. We're sitting in bodies, the roof is collapsing on our heads, the roof of matter itself has become so impacted that it's collapsing on our heads and the worst thing that's happening is that the roof will fall and will brain us, and we're going to get out of it. And it'll be alright so that's not too bad. That's not as bad as the roof collapsing and we fall through the floor and find ourselves in another hell, or be born in the Mars-beasts'-g izzard universe.

At worst, there is the possibility of becoming totally passive and saying "okay, shove 'em into Buchanwald, and it's alright they're just phantoms, I'm willing to go"....at worst, the worst thing that can happen to you is you die which isn't so bad really. The best thing that can happen is we might turn into a

Garden of Eden. That's the alternative now is creating a Garden of Eden or Garden of Delights, like in the Bosch painting, and instructions for creating that garden are available, the rules are available, the technology is probably available....

If you take as a compass, scientific ecological principles, blueprints and suggestions by people like Erlich or Gregory Bateson; or to put it specifically, take as a blueprint the fact that we would like to restore the surface of the planet to a living, breathing, sentient skin with a maximum amount of living sentients: trees, grass, the maximum amount of different





species, different fellow species, different fellow sentient beings mammals, birds, rather than destroying and narrowing down the numbers, increasing the numbers and restoring the garden of eden to order again.

If you take literally the garden of eden as a social program and then try and devise a technology which can be miniaturized, a technology in which the metal can be put underground again, that the scab's on the earth's surface can be lifted up and the skin restored. As a long range program there are ideas as to what to do by people realizing that as the goal, the garden of eden, and then beginning to plan a technology in that direction, and then there are people doing that like Buckminster Fuller. They'll have to get a lot of people thinking in that line, a lot of people collaborating and a lot of people arguing in that line too.

(Question: How could you bring about this garden of eden without encountering forces of opposition which might entail the use of violence on one side or the other, and thus an opposing principle to the whole idea)

Well, the problem is that there is already

a suicidal psyche, you know, that death psyche that's grabbed the race. But assuming that there was all this heavy threat and that the planet might be finished then we would try to articulate what would be the technical common sense possibilities of reconstructing a garden of eden. If one had the chance to reconstruct it, what would be the technologies? What would be the general direction to blueprint? In other words, if there were any hope, what would the hope be specifically.

I was just trying to articulate what little was known that was useful to anybody wanted to use it. Whether or not people are in a psychological position to use it, I don't know. I'm not assuming that the race has common sense. We've put ourselves into a state where the planet may be done. I'm just trying to isolate those elements which are usable if anybody was in a position, mentally, to use them.

That's McLuhan's idea too. Last time I was in Toronto and had a conversation with McLuhan, I was asking him what can we do technologically, and he said, "I don't know, but one thing I know is we've got to stop everything, stop building, stop everything new, like stop and just try to figure out how far we've gone and what effect it's having on us before we do any more."

What McLuhan is doing is this: he's saying "I am not against technology. I am observing, and I am observing that technology has altered the ratio of our senses: we no longer smell, feel, taste, touch. All we do is see documents, movies, television. So that man has diminished in the ratio of his senses. Now I'm a completely independent observer. I have no comment to make except that you will notice: you can't smell anything anymore, you can't taste anything anymore, you can hardly touch anything anymore, and you're going into a plastic universe which may destroy you. Now I'm just an observer; I don't want to give you any advice or anything."

McLuhan is using scientific method to point out to mental people, because it's mental universe, he's using mental images to point out to mental universe people that the mental universe is doomed. He's providing information that is useful. That is to say, he can quantify the atrophy of the other senses. Literally, we can no longer smell as the Indian smelt; we don't hear like the Indian heard.

I think he (McLuhan) uses that detached tone as a con to entrap the minds of advertising people, to entrap executive minds, who think that they are being objective. So he just objectifies completely so that they get trapped in his system and can't get out without freaking and changing.

The only thing people can do at the moment is to get out of the cities individually, go to the country, and learn farming, learn organic farming. Do what mamma nature says and then attempt to apply whatever technology they can, or advanced electronics on a decentralized form. If I were a centralized government, that's what I would program.

It's not so bad here in Canada. There's a certain conservation ecology in Maine and Canada is like much more alive: the whole nineteenth century is still alive here. See, I don't think it's like retrograd or reactionary to look back with nostalgia to the nineteenth century. There was a certain balance point then where there was enough room for everybody and there were still people in the country in the nineteenth century in North America who knew how to preserve vegetables all winter.

I don't feel romance in big cities any more. I used to go into New York and walk on Times Square or down Wall Street and hear this...there's a line from Henry Miller..."From out of the building doors the most hideous music emerges in the midnight hours." I used to feel this, like vast Malarian nostalgia on Wall Street and Brooklyn Bridge and New York. And I run around now and I don't get that same fresh youth-time love-light.

I used to hang around Times Square in the '40's for about three years from '44 to '48. I went every night to Bickford's on Times Square; met Munky and Taboo; took benzedrine in those days, and stayed up all night and goofed around; talked with Dr. Kinsey who was hanging around. I got included in the Kinsey report originally. Kerouac was in the Kinsey report, and Burroughs: we were the Kinsey report--or one aspect of it.

But there was like a romance in the streets then and now it's like a weird scene where everybody looks tacky; there's a race mixture now there that wasn't before. The nineteen-twenties flapper; white, whitey, white, blond mall from the thirties is no longer seen flapping up Times Square. There's a new race mixture which makes it look like Tangiers or Hong Kong.

The movies are all dirty moives, like fantastic sex movies, so it should be groovy that way. The sprintime sense of running around looking for lyrical poetry at midnight on Times Square or even looking for a lover, I think, looking for a criminal lover--that lyricism is no longer. I don't feel it when I walk on Times

Square, although I think the eighteen year olds must come up to Times Square and think they're going to discover an angel or something.

The trouble is that you realize you're looking at a dying world rather than a growing 1920's skyscraper eden. And there used to be nostalgia for the statue of liberty too: "I lift my lamp beside the golden door"...

(Question: Have you seen the Living Theatre and what are your impressions of them?)

I went to a couple of the New York performances when they were there and took off all my clothes and danced up and down the aisles. I think they're better off when they have squares to deal with because, you know, it finally got to be at Berkeley that everybody'd be walking into the theatre smoking pot, half naked, jacking off. And so then the actors would be coming up and saying "they won't let me smoke pot", "they won't let me jack off". The assault on consciousness that was possible, that would be possible here, wasn't possible in Berkeley because everybody there was so freaked out.

The only conclusion that I can come to about anything any more, the only path that people can follow safely at this point is the path of tenderness towards themselves and other people and to nature. That's the only safe road. So if people aren't tender they're going to perish. It's a pretty funny sense of doom.

(Question: Why are a number of Jewish kids in the movement rejecting everything and returning to Labovitch and other types of Chassidic sects?)

All this existential stuff, Laing and all that, leads back to Labovitch. The other thing is that the nouveau-Chassidics in the movement who come on really puritanical and all that always wind up renouncing their Marxist discipline to begin with. They just take it on as another discipline like Marxism. And the whole point of this doctrine is what? -- Well, respect for all living beings.

Marxism is all ideological. It has nothing to do with tenderness, or at least as it was practised. Obviously the infusion, as Whitman said, or as anybody has been saying all along, the infusion has got to be of a person. A spiritual person, tender person has to be liberated because it's in everybody and has to be imprisoned in everybody. And until the tender person gets out of prison there's not going to be any community, there's not going to be any relation to mother nature.

How to liberate a tender person, how to unlock the jail? I don't know, but I know that the goal is the liberation of the tender person, and Marxism doesn't take that as it's primary vision, doesn't take it as a primary experience. And as a result they're constantly violating tenderness.

I was listening to Bill Bissett last night crooning solitary Indian hymns to himself, and outside the window behind him from Sir George Williams were these great grinning teeth of light in giant buildings of Montreal. And it occurred to me that all heavy accumulation of structure and power like that was anti-individual in the sense that the concentration of heavy metal, the concentration of power necessary to run that ultimately large giant city structures weren't viable because they required the sacrifice of individuals' consciousness and required people to be plugged in and programmed by a central consciousness or a central leader-authority....(Allen glanced around the room at the horrifying number of crisscrossing wires and mikes that had accumulated during the course of the interview as everybody present tried to catch every last precious word of Allen's so that they could later use it for their own "programs". "We're all plugged into the wall" Allen had muttered ominously earlier in the afternoon.)

Well, Burroughs says the planet's finished; okay, I accept it. I'm willing to go. Bye-bye blackbird....I don't know, I ain't got no more ideas on it.

#### Songs of Experience - A Divine Image

Cruelty has a Human Heart,  
And Jealousy a Human Face;  
Terror the Human Form Divine,  
And Secrecy the Human Dress.

The Human Dress is forged Iron,  
The Human Form a fiery Forge,  
The Human Face a Furnace seal'd,  
The Human Heart its hungry Gorge.



Reprinted from *Strobe* magazine, 1969.



About two weeks ago the Woodland's Household wrote in setting the record straight about the legalities of squatting and homesteading under the new British Columbia Land Act. They promised to write with any new information they might learn during a trip through the interior, so here's the results:

"Here's some more info obtained in four days and 1600 miles in the interior. We spoke to the Land Commissioner in Kamloops and he said, from the time you make application for a specific piece of land until the time you can live on it legally is generally around a year (never less than nine months). He detailed all the steps involved (which are too mind boggling to go into here) and sounded quite convincing on that point.

Though the new Land Act provides for people being able to buy Crown Land the Commissioner told us that he had orders from Victoria that purchase should be allowed only after an applicant had completed a successful lease on the land. This basically means clearing eighty per cent of all the farmable land over a period of about twenty years.

If you apply for a small farm lease (forty acres) the clearing requirements are much less stringent. The Commissioner also said that there were no objections to people who wanted to do only subsistence farming on a small farm lease, and he seemed to mean it.

So, for anyone, who's got a year to wait, Crown Land appears to be a good idea.

Land prices in the interior seemed to be very high - running two to four hundred dollars an acre for anything under a hundred acres. It seems the only way to get cheap acreage is to live in the area for awhile (maybe a long while) and watch for good buys.

We did find some places which were about one hundred dollars an acre - good land, substantial growing season, very beautiful, and quite isolated - only trouble is that they are all between sixty and one hundred and twenty acres, while we want and need only twenty or thirty acres for ourselves. If there are any tribes, families, couples, or whatever looking for this type of acreage they should get in touch with us. Some of the land requires a down-payment of only one fifth of the full price, so immediate costs may not be that high. People interested should get in touch as SOON as possible, as we are desperate to escape from the creeping meathall. PAZ SEA CONTIGO."

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MUCH THANK to the people who helped us pay the rent this month!

**RIGHT ON!**

**F.L.Q.**

**VAINCRE!**



young radicals can learn some good things about offing howies from the recent terrorist bombings in Westmount. Only don't waste so much dynamite -- use less, more effectively -- we'll have an ex U.S. marine demolition expert speak more about this in our next issue.

Another good tactic, used by Guatemalan indians, is kidnapping the rich exploiters and using them to ransom back

quebec is the real enemy to the French as well as the freak culture. We're all fighting the same beast.

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## COMMUNIQUE BY THE CUBAN STUDENTS

Comrade U.S. students:

Comrades in the Anti-Imperialist Struggle:

**TODAY, WHEN** more than 700 colleges in the United States are paralyzed by a general strike; when the schools which imperialism had tried to place at its service have been transformed into combat trenches; when the generous, rebellious blood of U.S. young people, students and black combatants is being shed; when a flame of indignation is sweeping through the best of the people in the United States and electrifying them into action against the war and against Nixon's aggressive, criminal policy, we extend to you, from the heart of Revolutionary Cuba, the militant and fraternal embrace of our students, who are aroused and ready for action.

In solidarity with you, comrades, we have gathered today in front of the lair that was once the Yankee Embassy. Our people have come to demonstrate once again our repudiation of the brazen, criminal and shameless policy of Nixon's imperialist administration; to denounce once more the savage massacres perpetrated by the U.S. Government in Vietnam and condemn the invasion and razing of entire zones in Cambodia; and to repudiate that Government's aggression against all the peoples in Asia, Africa and Latin America that are fighting for their sovereignty and their right to a future.

That Nixon against whom you are struggling, who sends his thugs armed with rifles, dogs and tear gas bombs against the most honorable, most advanced and most noble of your society, is the same Nixon who has fostered, aided and abetted the mercenaries who sank two of our fishing boats and kidnapped the 11 fishermen from Calbarien; the same Nixon who is promoting every kind of aggression against our homeland and feeding the hopes of the miserable traitors on whom he depends to carry out these aggressions.

We, the Cuban students, are in complete solidarity with the truly heroic struggle that you, the U.S. students, are waging in the face of bullets, clubs and tear gas used by the forces of repression, and we express our solidarity in the best way we know how -- by mobilizing for action in the face of imperialist aggression and by being ready to take up arms when our Commander in Chief so orders, ready to fight off any attack or invasion that the Nixon Administration may dare launch, while at the same time going on with our work in the sugar harvest and in our schools -- for they, too, are fronts on which imperialism is being defeated!

Long live the heroic struggle of the U.S. students!  
May the martyrs of that struggle against imperialism live on forever!  
Long live our unity against the common enemy!

Ever onward to victory!

Patricio Muerte!

Venceremos!

General assembly of university and senior and junior high school students of Havana.

May 16, 1970.

Year of the Ten Million.

from Granma

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**BABA RAM DASS**





## CO-OP

From time to time someone in Montréal thinks it would be a good idea to start a "food co-op". It runs for a while, a few people think it's a flop, others use its services gratefully. The people running it get tired, and the food "co-op" dies. Such a "co-op" functions right now at 4055 St. Laurent Blvd., the tribe there being its second managers. You can cop all sorts of groovy organic shit for cheaper, the people are friendly and ho-hum and blah and crap.

THINK \$\$



The word co-op is printed in quotes because what serves under this name is anything but a co-op. It is a store, run by a tribe, but the only real difference between it and a straight grocery is that the people managing the store don't make any money. A co-op is far more than this.

The word co-op is derived from co-operation. That is, a co-op store is the product of the efforts and interests of a large number of people, and is managed in and by the interests of those people. The primary purpose of the co-op is to prevent the rip-off of the people that the merchants will usually attempt. Our co-op should be preventing this rip-off on the widest possible level. The co-op should also be a way

for getting people together for maximum strength in all directions.

The food "co-op" has a lot of grains for sale. Out-sight, but there's no reason that all food and clothes too and for that matter anything else can't be provided for. All necessities should no longer be purchased as individuals, but as a group, eliminating the fat cat who stands in the middle and puts money in his pockets on both ends.

The way the co-ops presently run, they can eliminate one middleman, but for every necessity there is a whole chain of people ripping off bread for getting the goods from one place on the line of consumption to the next. A large scale co-operative can get far back on the consumption chain, even to buying goods directly from the producer, or taking over the industry that produces.

Whatever performs a community service is a co-op. Or should be. The switchboard, CKGM, this newspaper are all co-ops. If not they are co-opts. The problem of making a "co-op" or a co-opt a co-op is multifold. It is essential that the co-op be run by the people it serves. In Montréal the traditional apathy of the people prevents this from happening. As long as there is apathy the businessman will always have the power to fuck us over, the people none to prevent this. Behind the lack of interest in Montréal lies a lack of energy, a lack of life. A co-op is a sharing of energies. It is an energy center and an energy source. There is also the problem of structuring. It cannot be over-centralized. The co-op also needs staff, and this cannot be everyone taking their turn, but a few people who are into it and know what their doing and why. There is also the need for bread, enough to order goods in advance, so that the co-op will be like a regular store, and enough capital to meet overhead.

Most importantly, it is fundamental to the co-op that even if everyone is not working at the store, that it is managed by all the people using it. To date this occurs by the people in charge being integral members of the community and reacting to its needs. This is good, when it works. But this is a very sprawling metropolis with long winters and such contact is rarely complete. More active participation in the co-ops is necessary- and this lack of interest is mostly what keeps the "co-ops" from becoming co-ops. Even if this participation is merely attendance at a large meeting of all the people concerned, that attendance is the backbone of the co-op.

Suggestions have been made to have membership in the co-op, either paid by fees or donation. In this way expenses would be met, everyone would get more than an even return on their investments and hopefully the users of the co-ops would gain some interest in the way the co-op was being run. If one thousand people each gave one dollar, then a number of community projects would be sponsored. If one thousand people gave enough of a shit to say something about their opinions, then the co-ops would really be able to do something.

The business laws in Québec are written in such a way as to protect the established corporate structure. The eviction laws are written in such a way that the landlord can virtually evict a tenant on his word alone. People together can smash this. Off your ass, motherfucker and let's get it together. Any comments or suggestions call the Switchboard or drop in to see us. A co-op is community; it is people in action together, working for their own interests.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

# COMMUNITY IS A VERB do it!

## SWITCHBOARD

Through plagues, rock festivals, bad aspects of the moon and numerous other fuck-ups, the switchboard is still functioning and maybe even getting together. It's mostly a referral service, answering telephones and crazy questions from one hundred or so people daily. They are providing places for people to crash, feeding them and giving free clothes to any who need. A legal aid service, free lawyers and maybe bail is slowly evolving. Probably other things too if you call and ask about it. Call for information, suggestions, help, rap, etc., 861-4502 or drop in at 282 St. Catherine St. West.

## EAT IT

For what it's worth, the food "co-op" still exists and is running smoothly at 4055 St. Laurent Blvd. There are a few more foods this week than last, with vegetables and organic peanut butter expected soon. Orders must be prepaid in advance. Every so often we need a car or a truck. This is a partial list of foods. Complete list is available at "Co-op."

Brown rice.....	17¢/lb.
buckwheat flour..	14¢/lb.
cornmeal.....	24¢/lb.
rye whole flour..	16¢/lb.
currants.....	30¢/lb.
honey.....	\$1.40/4 lb.
yogurt.....	65¢/lb.



